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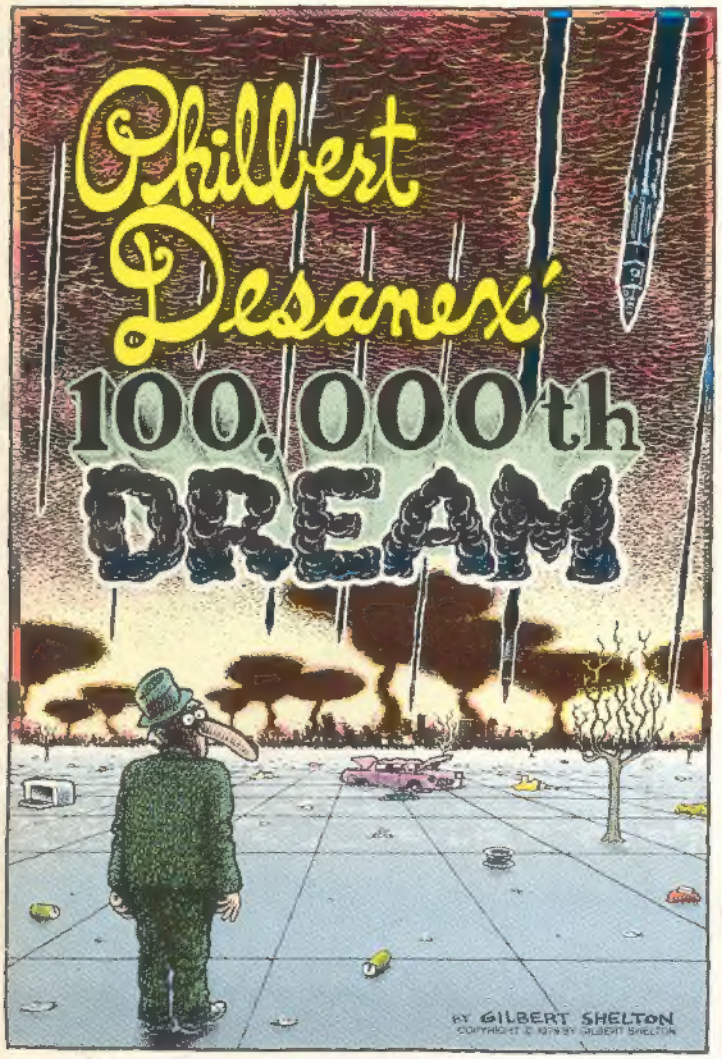
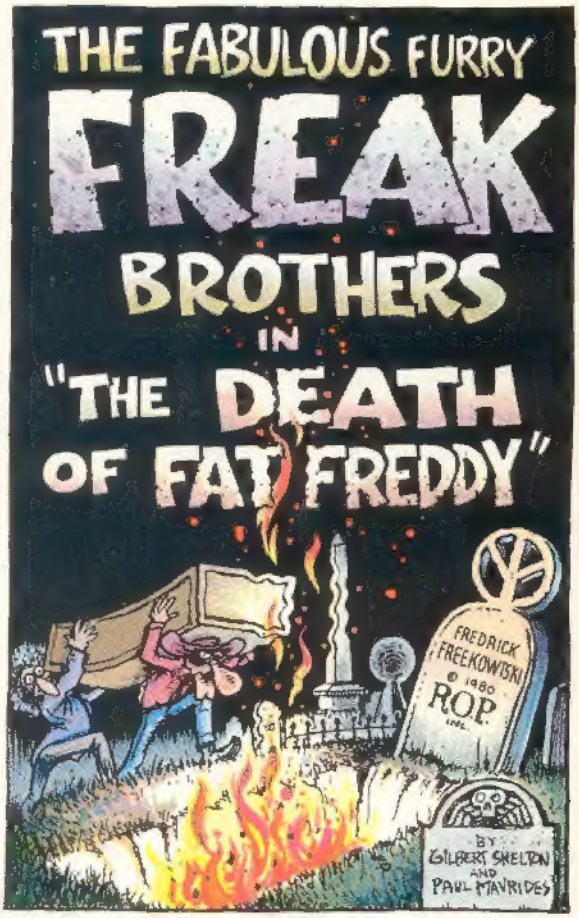
BRAIN BANE OF THE LOWEST PLANE

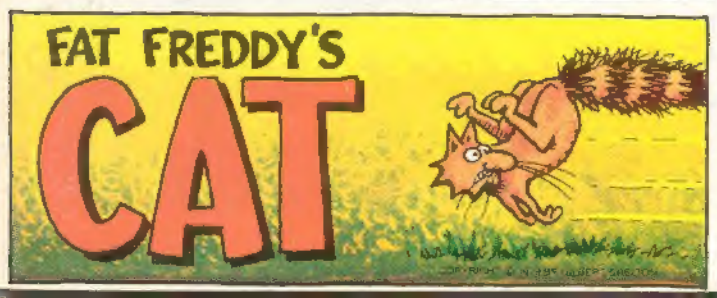
RIP OFF COMIX

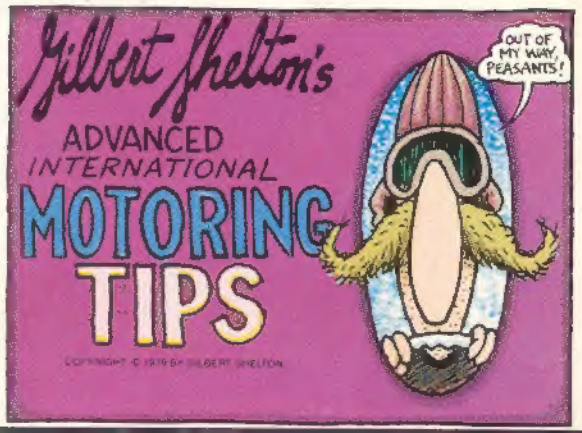
#6

$1.25









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the fabulous furry FREAK BROTHERS

IN

THE DEATH OF FAT FREDDY

MOAN! GROAN! I CAN'T CARRY HIM ANY FURTHER! HE'S TOO FAT! I NEED A REST! WHINE!

SHUT UP AND HAVE ANOTHER HIT OF COKE!

?

BELOVED SPOT

TWEETY

BY GILBERT SHELTON AND PAUL MAVRIDES

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OUR STORY BEGINS EARLY ONE MORNING, ABOUT 11:30, AT THE FLAT OF THE NOTORIOUS HIRSUTE TRIO.

AH! OUR "WEED-OF-THE-MONTH" PACKAGE CAME IN THE MAIL TODAY!

GOOD THING! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK WE WOULD HAVE TO FACE THE DAY WITHOUT DOPE!

WHERE'S FAT FREDDY? HE WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS THIS MONTH'S SELECTION!

HE'S STILL ASLEEP, I THINK! I'LL GO WAKE HIM UP!

"MANILA VANILLA!"

PSSSST! FREDDY! WANT SOME DOPE?

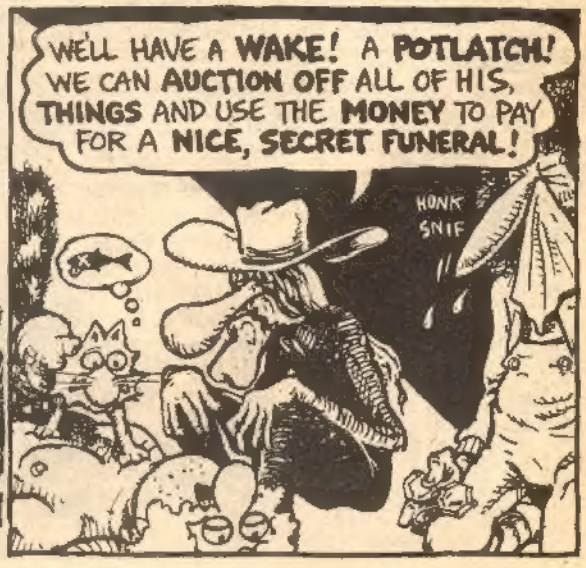
DOPE, FAT FREDDY? DOPE?
JEEZ, HE MUST BE DEAD!

HEY, FREDDY! WAKE UP!
FREDDY! FREDDY!!

OH MY GHOD! FRANKLIN! FREDDY'S O.D.'D ON SOMETHING!

HE'S DEADER'N FUCKING HELL, ALL RIGHT!
OH NO! POOR OLD FREDDY! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

LISTEN, WE CAN'T REPORT THIS OR ANYTHING! THE COPS WOULD WANT TO SEARCH TH' PLACE, DO AN AUTOPSY, DO ALL KINDS OF GOD DAMN THINGS!


WE'LL HAVE A WAKE! A POTLATCH! WE CAN AUCTION OFF ALL OF HIS THINGS AND USE THE MONEY TO PAY FOR A NICE, SECRET FUNERAL!
HONK SNIF

FRANKLIN AND PHINEAS, WORKING WITH INTENSE VIGOR IN THE ATTEMPT TO REPRESS THEIR SHOCK AND GRIEF, ARE ABLE TO CLEAN UP FAT FREDDY'S ROOM IN ONLY SEVENTEEN HOURS.

YEAH, YOU HEARD ME RIGHT! **FAT FREDDY** HAS **BOUGHT** IT! THE **WAKE** IS **HERE, TONIGHT!**

WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ENOUGH FOR ALL THIS TO BUY HIM A NICE CASKET, DON'T YOU THINK?

NO, I'M **NOT** KIDDING! AND KEEP IT **QUIET**, ALL **RIGHT**?

THE FIRST GUESTS ARRIVE:

OH, FRANKLIN! IT'S SO **SAD**!

JESUS, PHINEAS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO **SAY**!

BUT AS THE EVENING PROGRESSES:

FRANKLIN, I KNOW THIS IS A TERRIBLE TIME TO BRING THIS UP, BUT THAT FAT SON OF A BITCH OWED ME **EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS**, AND HIS **HI-FI** WOULD JUST ABOUT COVER THE DEBT, SEEMS TO ME!

YEAH, IT'S SAD, ISN'T IT? I GUESS **I'LL** TAKE THE **RECORD COLLECTION** AND THE BACK ISSUES OF **HIGH TIMES** FOR THE MONEY HE OWED **ME**!

YOU KNOW, HE WRECKED MY **CAR** BACK IN **1975** AND WAS SUPPOSED TO **PAY** ME FOR IT AND **NEVER DID**! YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I TOOK THAT JUNKHEAP OF **HIS**, WOULD YOU?

THERE DOESN'T HAPPEN TO BE ANYTHING IN THIS PILE OF CRAP WORTH $500, DOES THERE? BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I LENT HIM!

HE BORROWED $500 FROM **ME**, TOO!

BON VOYAGE

DEAD BOYS

10¢ each

25¢

(SIGH!) WE DIDN'T MAKE ANY MONEY AT ALL!

THEY EVEN GOT SOME OF **OUR** STUFF!

WE CAN BUILD A **COFFIN** OUT OF **ORANGE CRATES**, BUT WHERE CAN WE **BURY** HIM?

LET'S CALL UP **JOHN THE BLABTIST**! HE'S A "MAN OF GOD" AND DOES FUNERALS FROM TIME TO TIME!

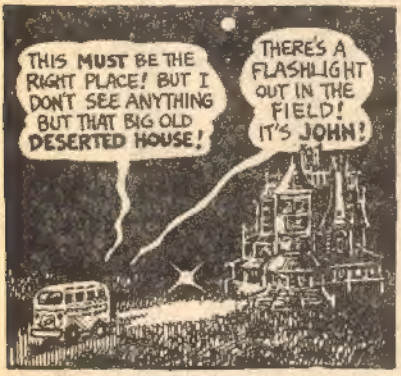
RING
RING
RING
RING

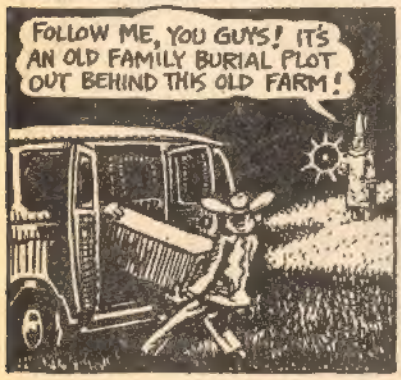
(URP!) (BELCH!)
HELLO! THE COSMIC CHURCH OF UNIVERSAL UNCERTAINTY!
POP

OH, GOSH, FRANKLIN! SORRY TO HEAR THIS! YEAH, I KNOW WHAT TO DO! LISTEN, WE'LL MEET TONIGHT AT BZZ BZZZ BZ WHISPER...
CLIC CLIC CLIC

AS DARKNESS FALLS:
CAREFUL, NOW! WATCH OUT FOR THE GARBAGE CAN! DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE MISSING STEP!
(GROAN!) HE'S TOO HEAVY! I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA DROP HIM!!

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT LOST? I DON'T KNOW OF ANY CEMETERIES WAY OUT HERE!
THIS IS THE WAY JOHN THE BLABTIST TOLD ME TO COME!


THIS MUST BE THE RIGHT PLACE! BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING BUT THAT BIG OLD DESERTED HOUSE!
THERE'S A FLASHLIGHT OUT IN THE FIELD! IT'S JOHN!


FOLLOW ME, YOU GUYS! IT'S AN OLD FAMILY BURIAL PLOT OUT BEHIND THIS OLD FARM!

AND SO FAT FREDDY WAS LAID TO REST.
(AW HELL! I MEANT TO BRING THE BIBLE BUT I PICKED UP THE SHAKESPEARE BY ACCIDENT! WELL, THIS AUDIENCE WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE, ANYWAY!)
"Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten that truly which thou wouldst truly know."
"...this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh:-"
NO, WAIT A MINUTE...
"...he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due."
AMEN!
AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.

A WEEK LATER, THE REMAINING FREAK BROTHERS ARE ALREADY BEGINNING TO FORGET THEIR TRAGIC LOSS.

SHIT! I'M BORED! WHAT'S FOR HUMOR?

WHY DON'T WE HAVE A **PICNIC** SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE **COUNTRY**?

AND SO ONCE AGAIN FRANKLIN AND PHINEAS (PLUS A FEW FRIENDS) HEAD TOWARD THE BURIAL PLOT.

HEY, THIS IS THE WAY OUT TO WHERE WE BURIED OLD WHATS-HIS-NAME, ISN'T IT?

I THINK SO! I'D RECOGNIZE THE PLACE IF I SAW IT!

YOU WANT ME TO PICK UP THIS **HITCHHIKER**?

WHY NOT? ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE!

TACO HELL

SUGAR PUS

THANKS FOR THE **LIFT**! I'M **FAT RICHIE** FROM **PHILADELPHIA**! **PLEASED** TO **MEET** YOU! YOU GOT ANYTHING TO **SMOKE**?

THERE'S THE PLACE!

WELL THEN, LET THE **PICNIC COMMENCE**!

PICNIC? YOU HAVE **FOOD**? **WOW**!

WOW! OLIVES! WOW! VIENNA SAUSAGES! WOW! POTATO CHIPS! WOW! A BUCKET OF FRIED CHICKEN!

(LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND THE **PERFECT REPLACEMENT** FOR **FAT FREDDY**!)

Quick Think

Chips

IN HIS EXCITEMENT, FAT RICHIE DROPS A BOTTLE OF DINDON FAROUCHE ON THE HEADSTONE.

OOOPS!

TINK CRASH!

THE PUNGENT SUBSTANCE SEEPS INTO THE FRESHLY-TURNED EARTH.

DINDON FAROUCHE

SUDDENLY, A MARVELOUS THING OCCURS:

I HEARD EVERYTHING YOU SAID, YOU SONS OF BITCHES!

ARRRRGGGGHHH!!!

FREDRICK FREEKOWTSKI KARMA-FIED "BETTER FRED THAN DEAD"

OH, GOD, I'LL NEVER SMOKE THAT STUFF AGAIN! I PROMISE!

IT'S FAT FREDDY!!!

ZIP

DIET SCOP

FAT FREDDY! YOU'RE ALIVE!

YEAH, I'M OKAY, BUT I'LL NEVER GET THIS SUIT CLEAN!

REND!

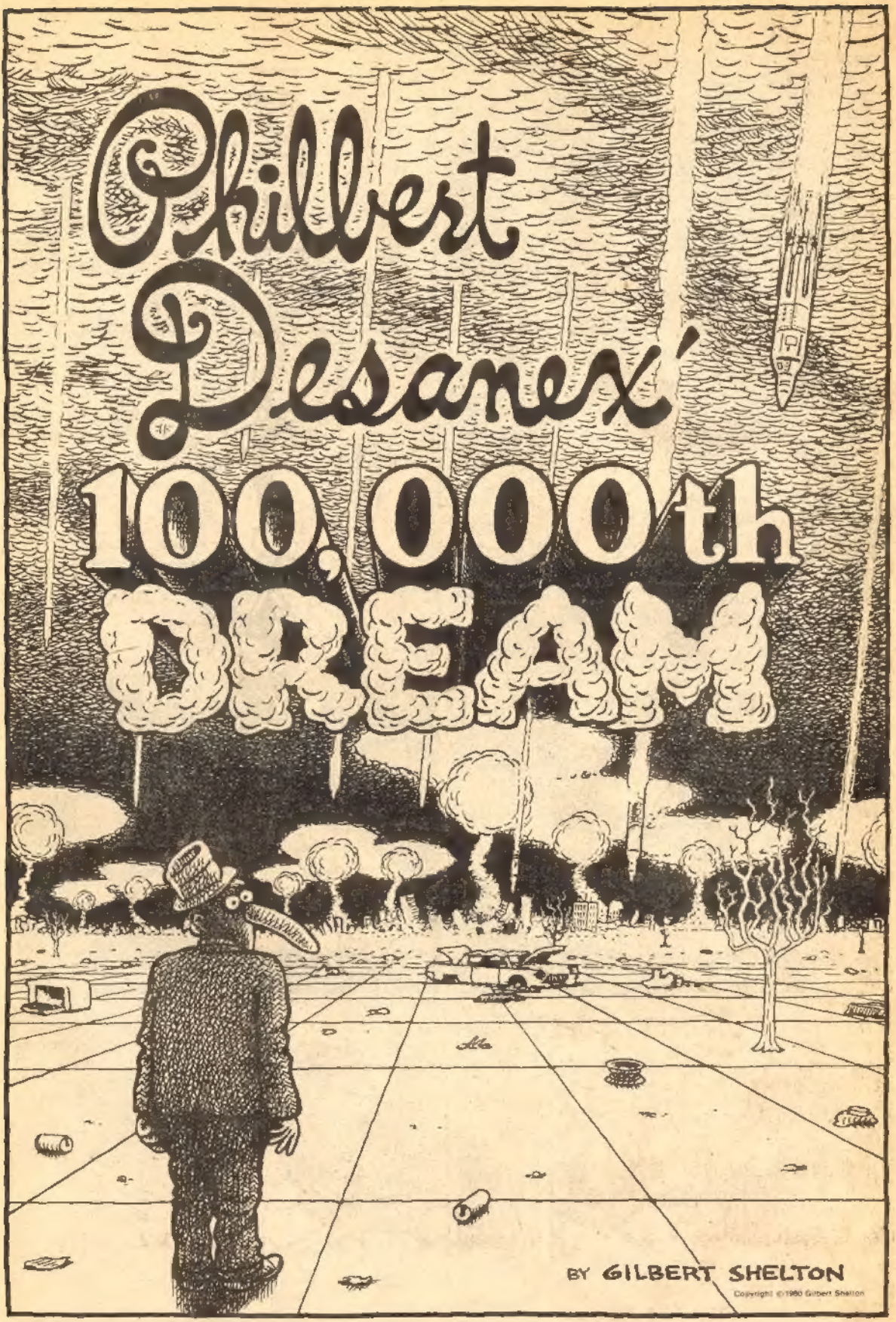
SHRED!

SO, WHAT HAPPENED?

AW, I O.D.'D ON THAT IBOGAINE I GOT FROM "DUKE!" COULDN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

WELL, NEXT TIME BE CAREFUL! WE MIGHT CREMATE!

THE END


Philbert Desanex'
100,000th
DREAM
BY GILBERT SHELTON
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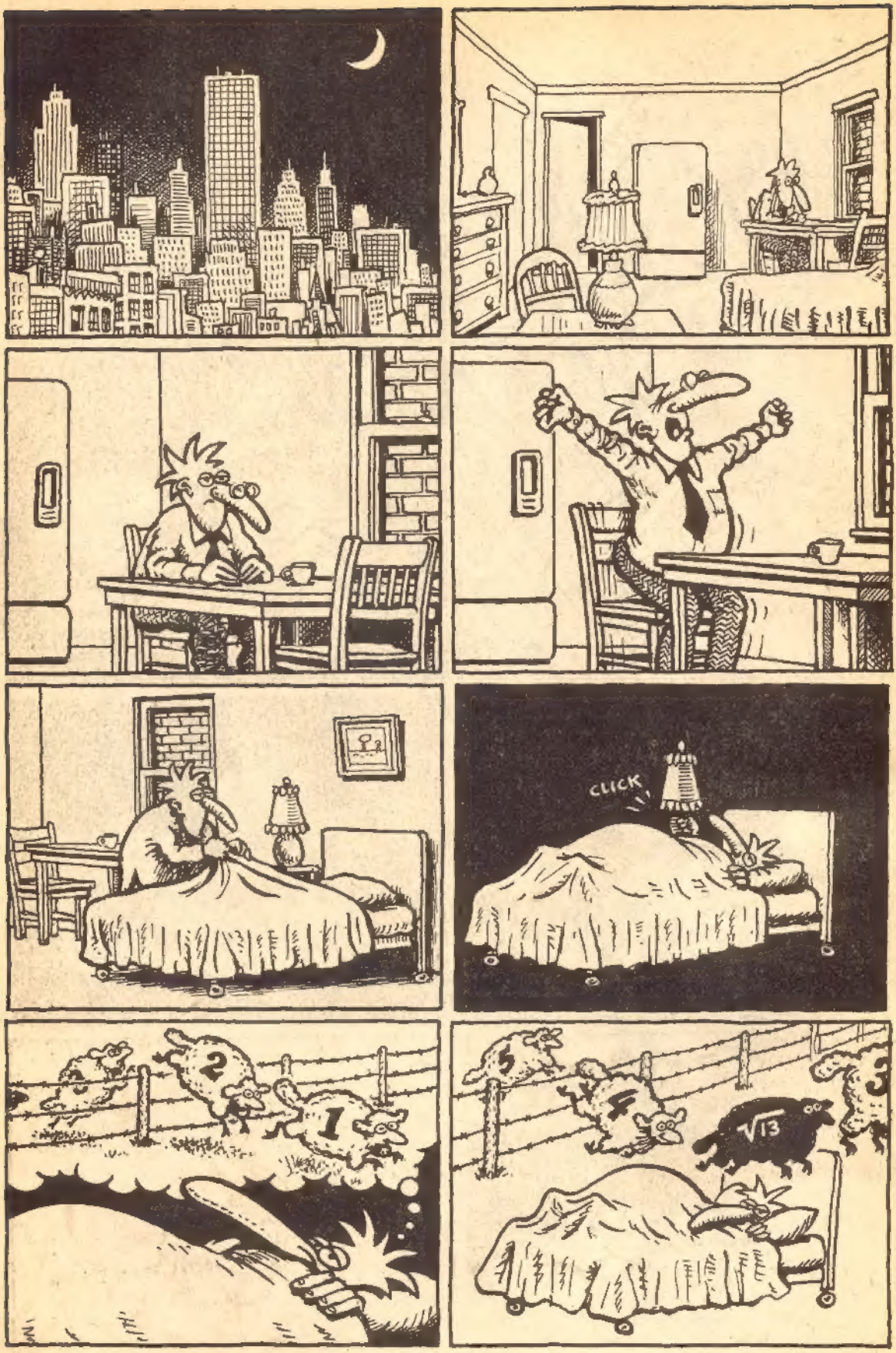
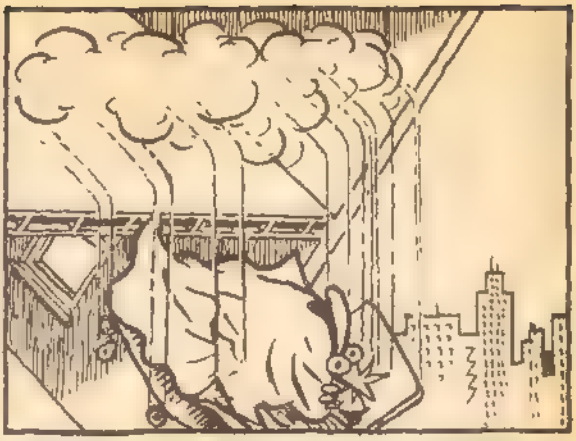
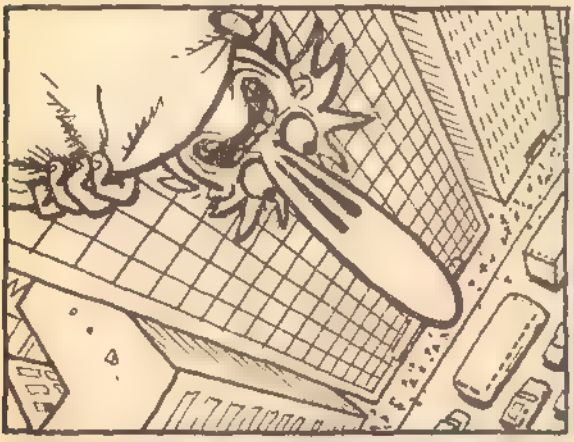
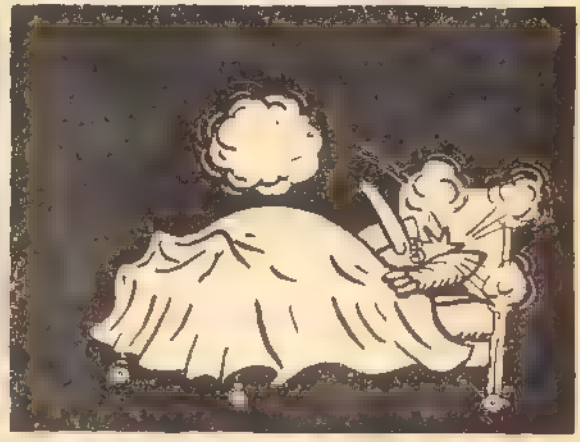

CLICK
2
1
5
4
3
√13

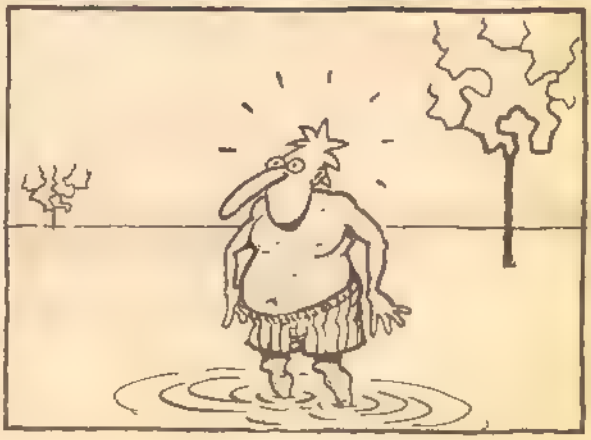
78
77
76





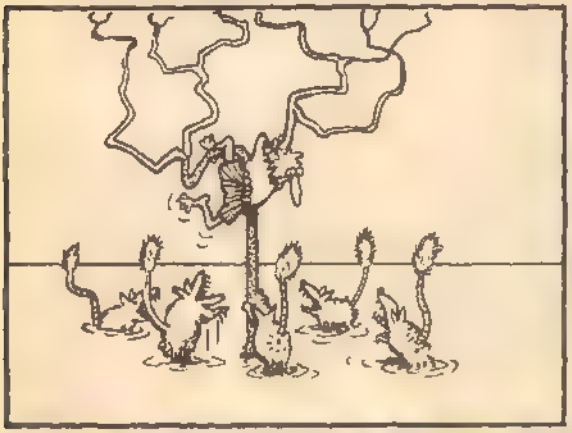


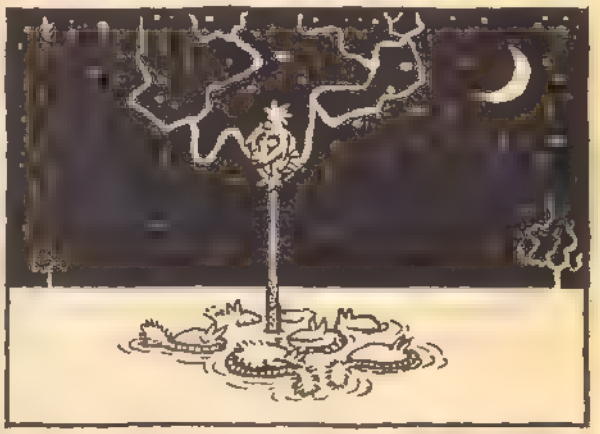
SNORK!

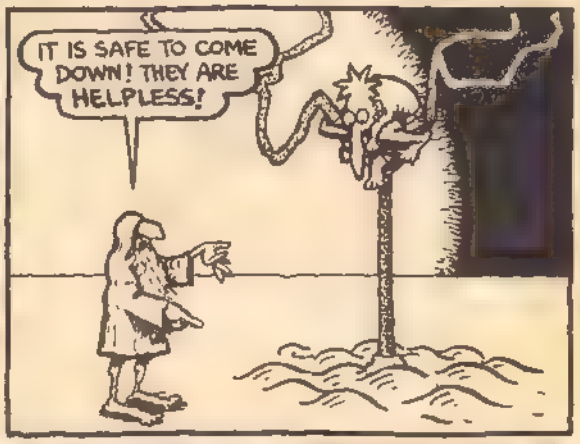


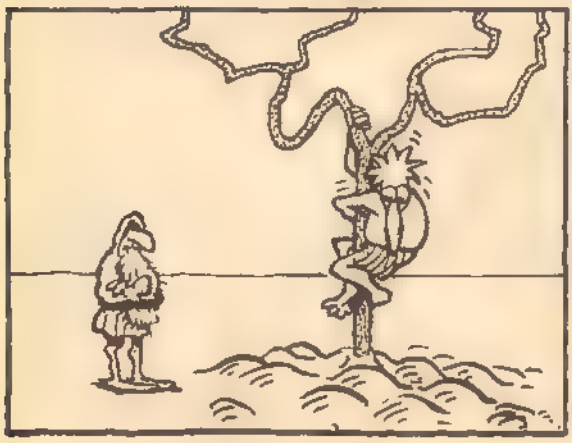
SNORK!

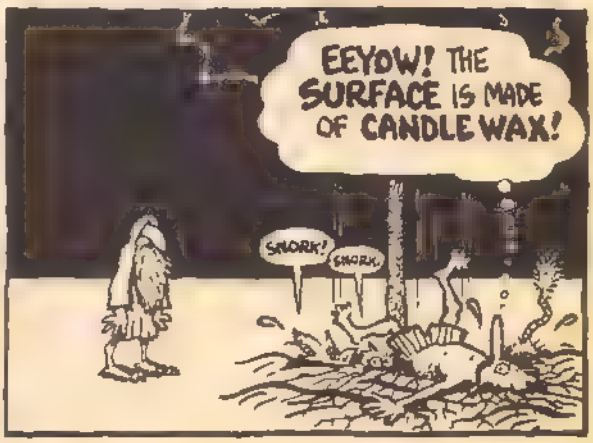
SNORK!
SNORK!
SNORK!
SNORK!






IT IS SAFE TO COME DOWN! THEY ARE HELPLESS!



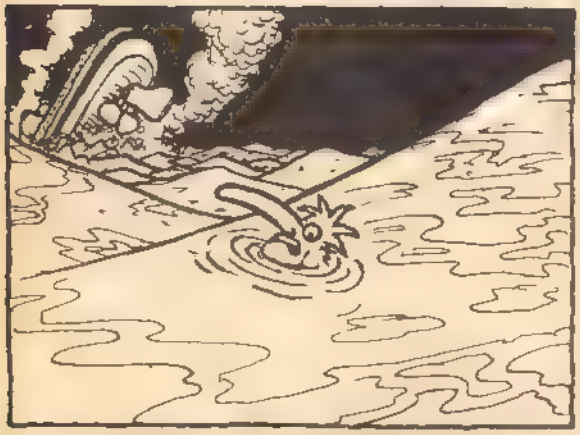

EEYOW! THE SURFACE IS MADE OF CANDLE WAX!
SNORK!
SNORK.

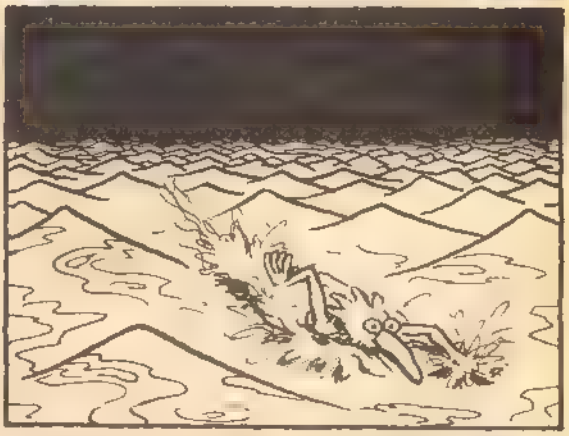
ARRRRRGGHHH! I'M BEING OVERWHELMED BY HOT, WET DOGS!

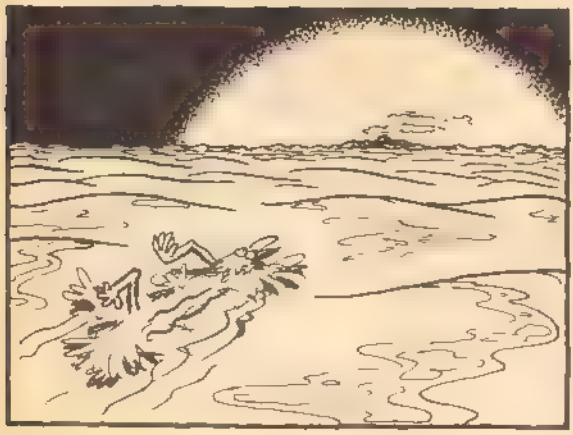
IT WAS ONLY MY PILLOW, SOAKED WITH PERSPIRATION!

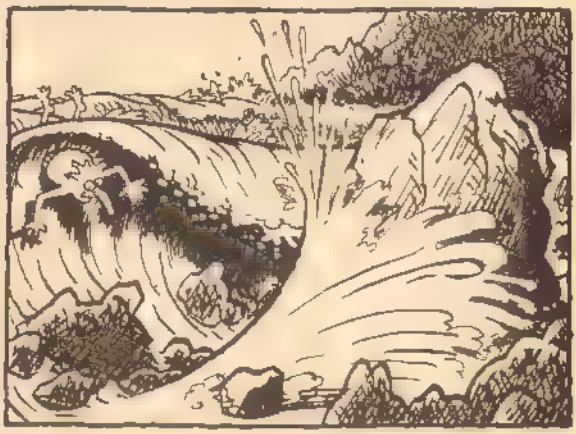
I'LL GET RID OF THIS BLANKET!

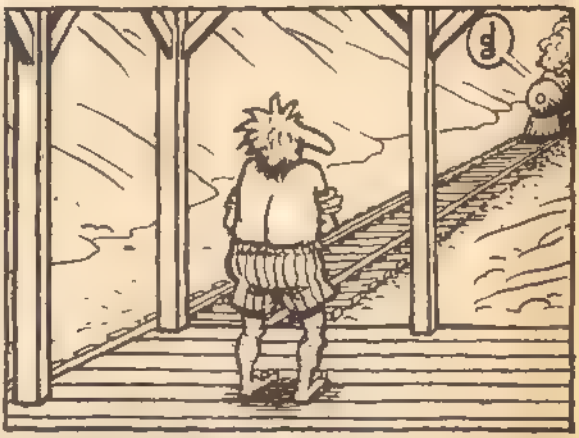
SNURRRK!
TWEEEEEET!

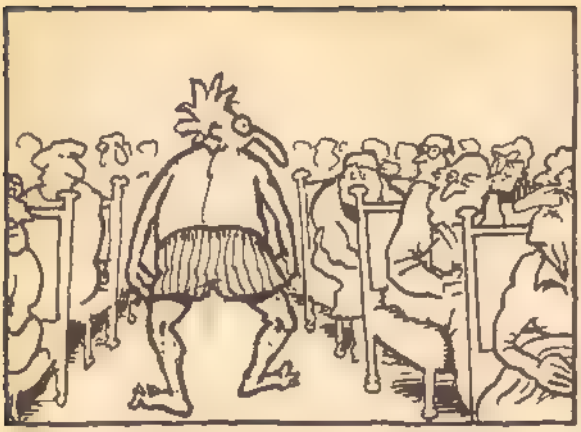






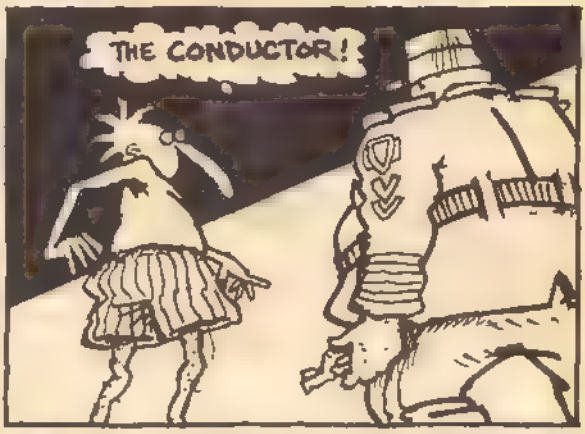






SOMETHING'S WRONG! THERE'S NOBODY BUT VERY OLD PEOPLE AND MOTHERS WITH INFANTS ON THE TRAIN!

WHERE IS YOUR UNIFORM?
WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING A UNIFORM?

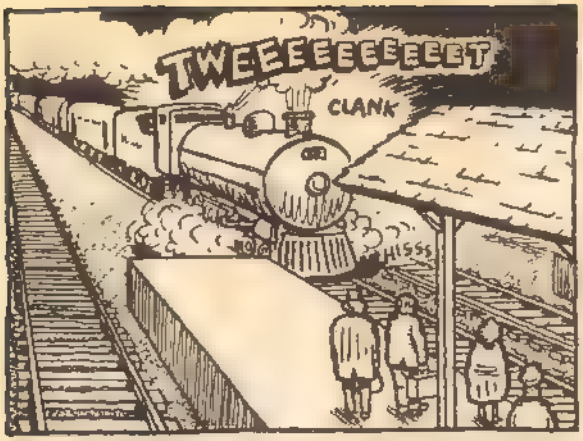

THE CONDUCTOR!

WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING YOUR UNIFORM? DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON?

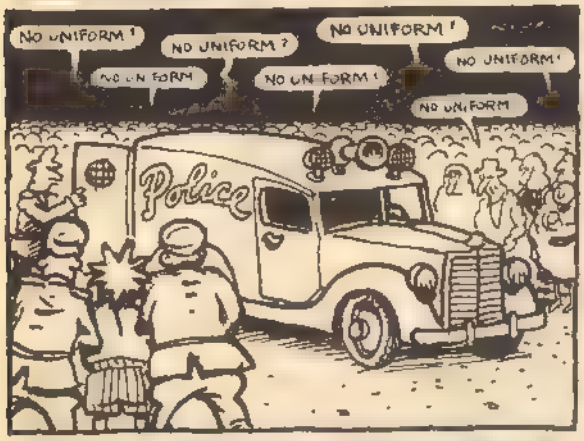
I'LL EXPLAIN TO HIM THAT I HAD A UNIFORM BUT I LOST IT WHEN THE SHIP SANK!
...AND A SPLENDID UNIFORM IT WAS!

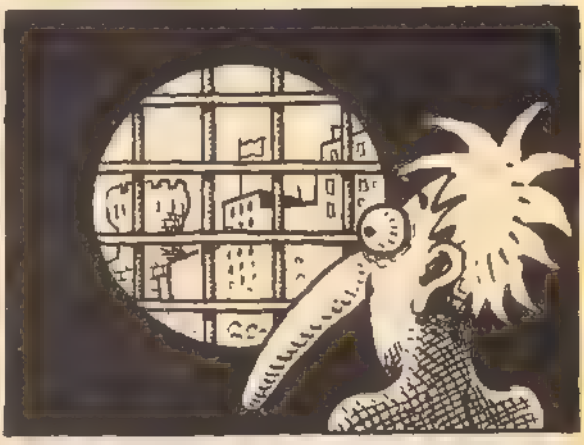
OH NO! WHEN I TRY TO SPEAK, IT COMES OUT AS CURSES!

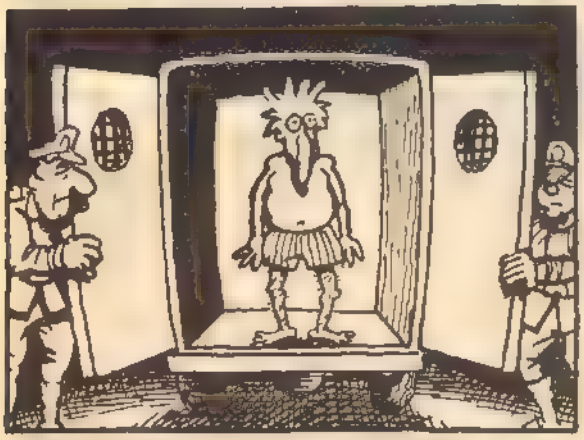
OH, NOOO
ARRRGGGH!
I CAN'T STOP MYSELF!
...I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M DOING THIS!


TWEEEEEEEEEET
CLANK
HISSS

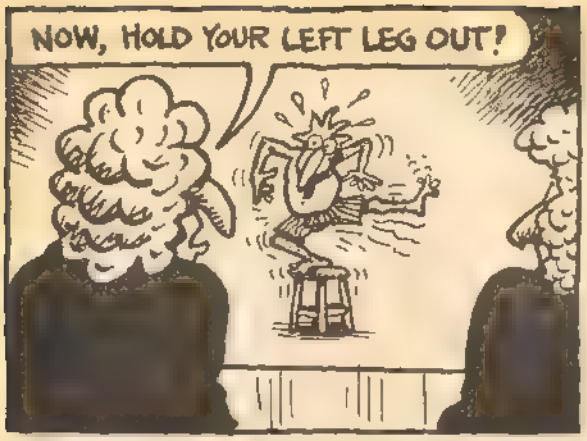
NO UNIFORM!
NO UNIFORM!

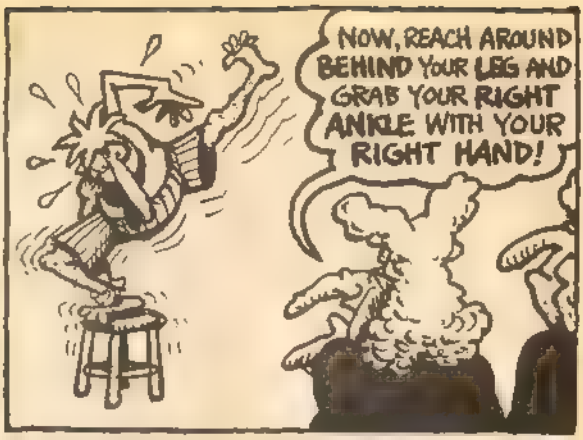

NO UNIFORM!
NO UNIFORM?
NO UNIFORM!
NO UNIFORM!
NO UNIFORM!
NO UNIFORM
Police



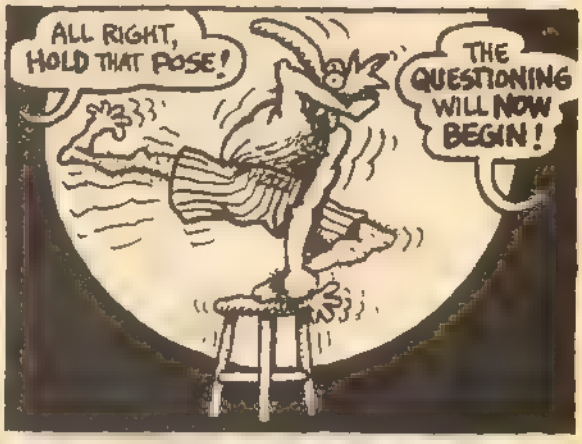


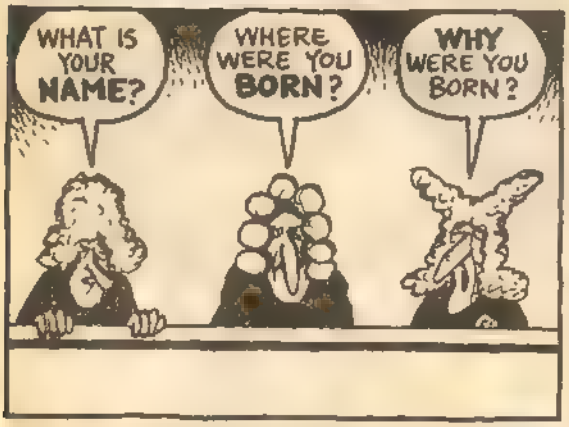
STAND ON THAT STOOL!


NOW, HOLD YOUR LEFT LEG OUT!


NOW, REACH AROUND BEHIND YOUR LEG AND GRAB YOUR RIGHT ANKLE WITH YOUR RIGHT HAND!

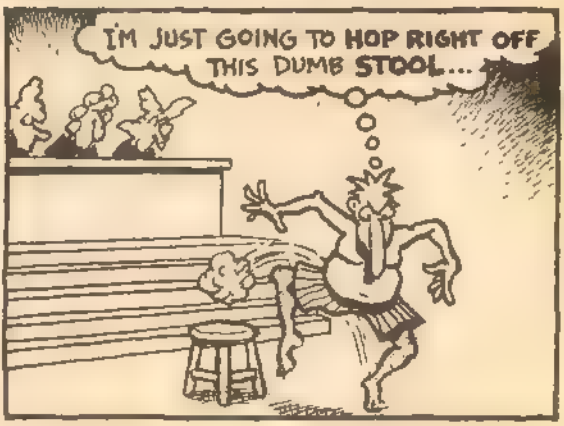
NOW REACH AROUND BEHIND YOUR HEAD AND PUT YOUR LEFT LITTLE FINGER IN YOUR RIGHT EAR!

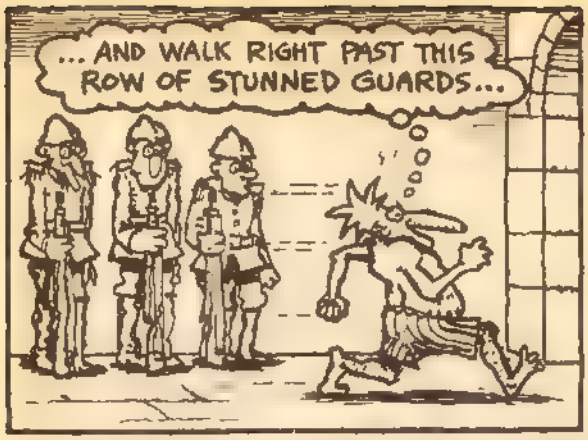

ALL RIGHT, HOLD THAT POSE!
THE QUESTIONING WILL NOW BEGIN!

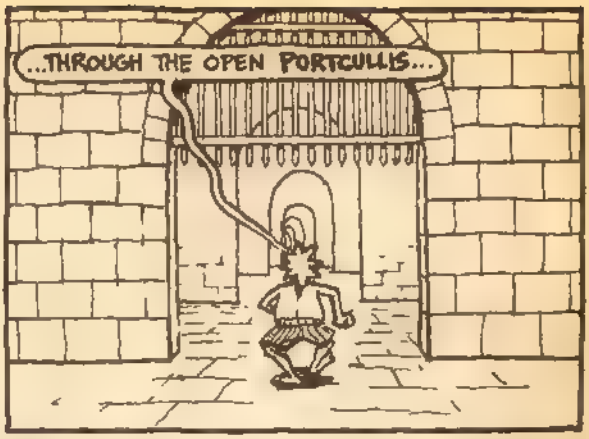

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
WHERE WERE YOU BORN?
WHY WERE YOU BORN?

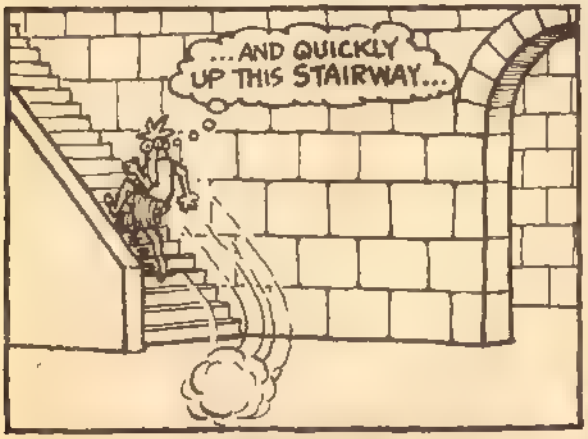
ER, UH...
HURRY UP! WE DON'T HAVE ALL WEEK!

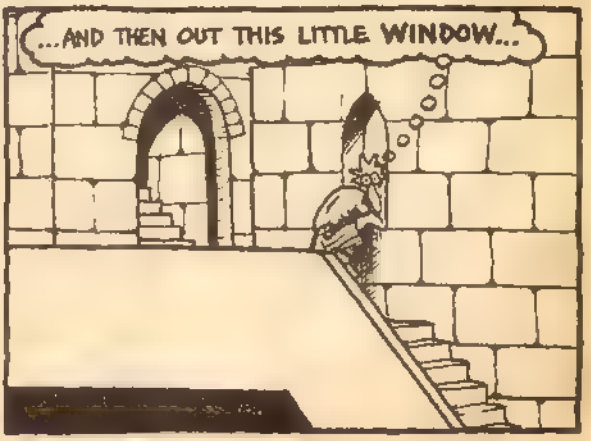
WAIT A MINUTE, HERE! I'M A FREE MAN! I DON'T HAVE TO BE TAKING THIS SORT OF ABUSE!
SPEAK, FOOL!

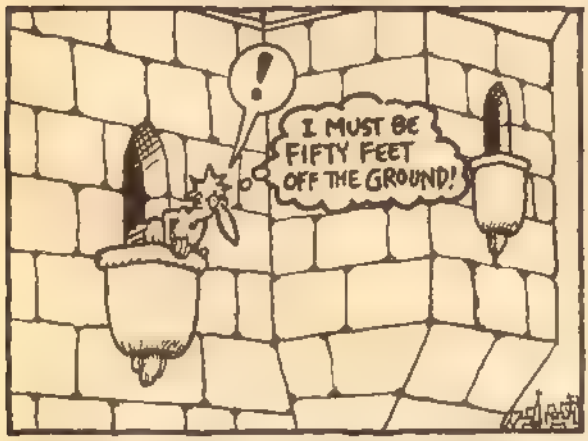

I'M JUST GOING TO HOP RIGHT OFF THIS DUMB STOOL...


...AND WALK RIGHT PAST THIS ROW OF STUNNED GUARDS...

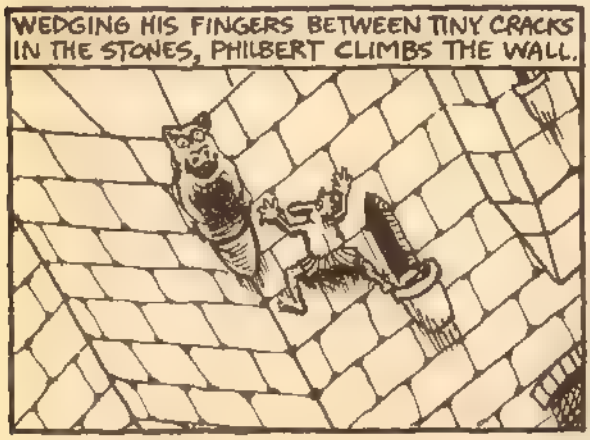

...THROUGH THE OPEN PORTCULLIS...

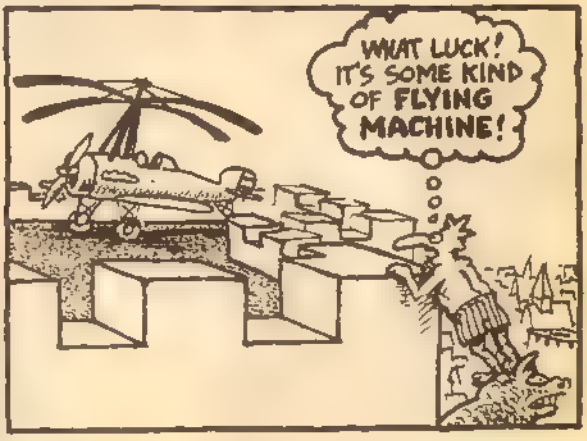

...AND QUICKLY UP THIS STAIRWAY...

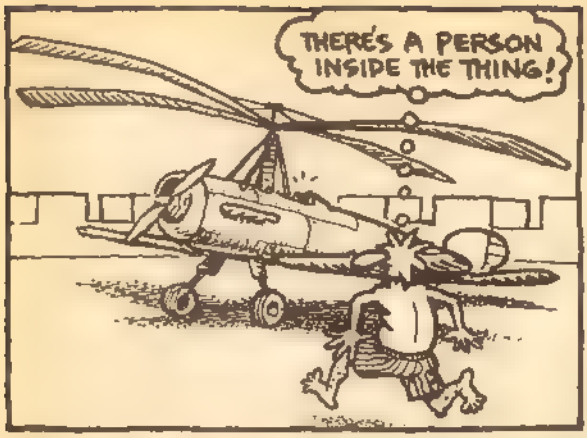

...AND THEN OUT THIS LITTLE WINDOW...

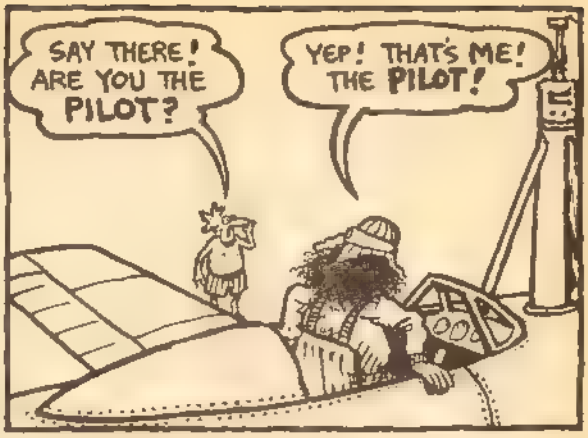

!
I MUST BE FIFTY FEET OFF THE GROUND!

IF I COULD ONLY MAKE IT TO THAT GARGOYLE, I COULD GET UP ON TOP OF THE BUILDING!

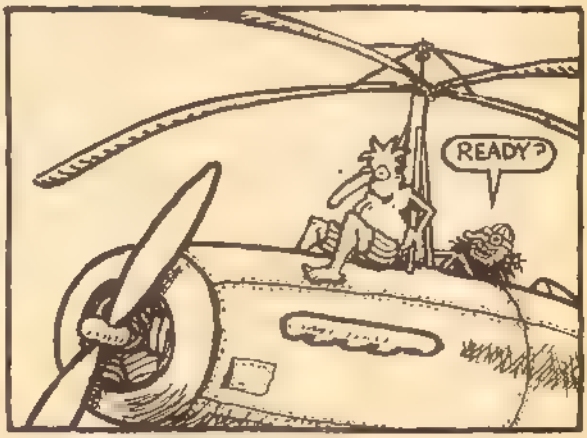

WEDGING HIS FINGERS BETWEEN TINY CRACKS IN THE STONES, PHILBERT CLIMBS THE WALL.

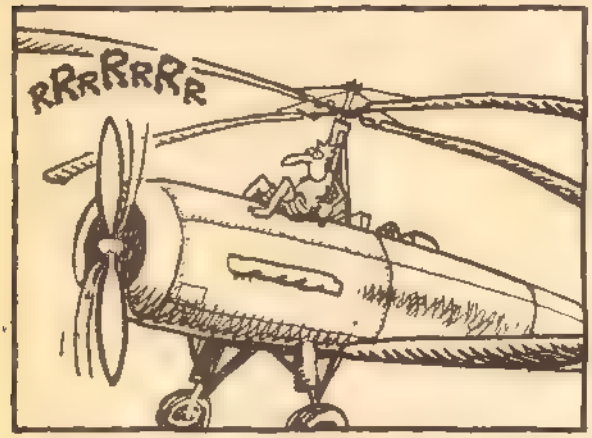

WHAT LUCK! IT'S SOME KIND OF FLYING MACHINE!

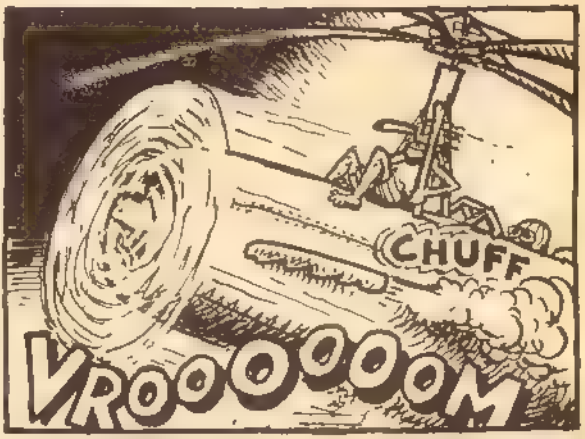

THERE'S A PERSON INSIDE THE THING!

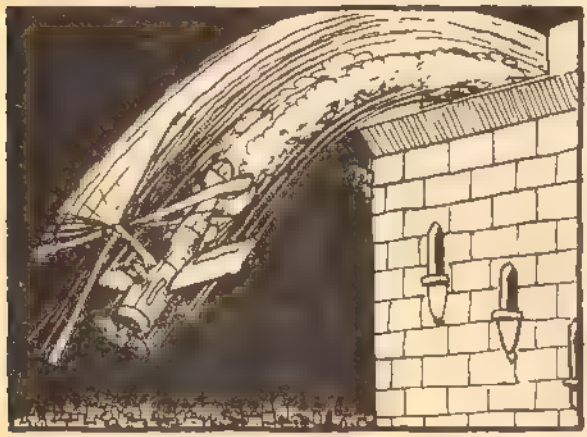

SAY THERE! ARE YOU THE PILOT?
YEP! THAT'S ME! THE PILOT!

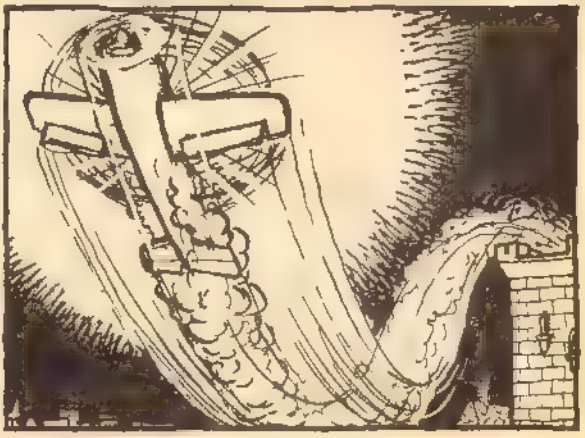
HOP UP! I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE! THERE'S ONLY ONE SEAT, THOUGH, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO SIT UP HERE AND HANG ON!

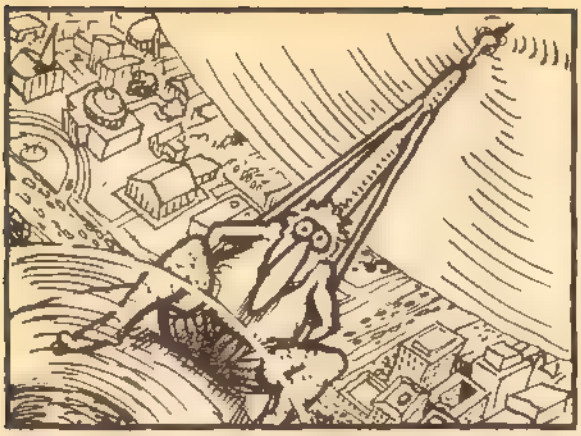

READY?

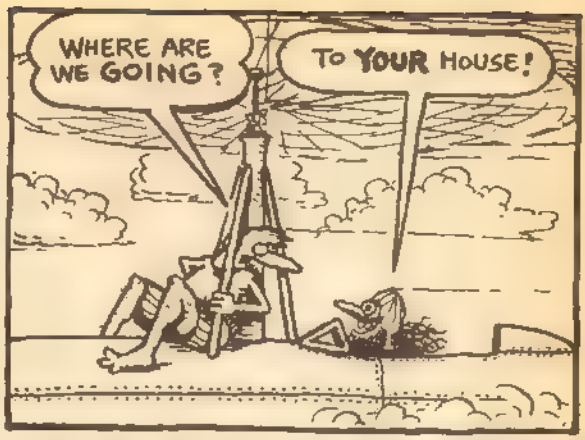

RRRRRRR

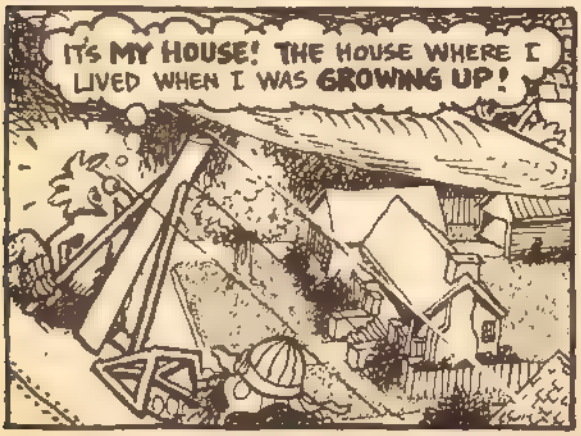

CHUFF
VROOOOOOM

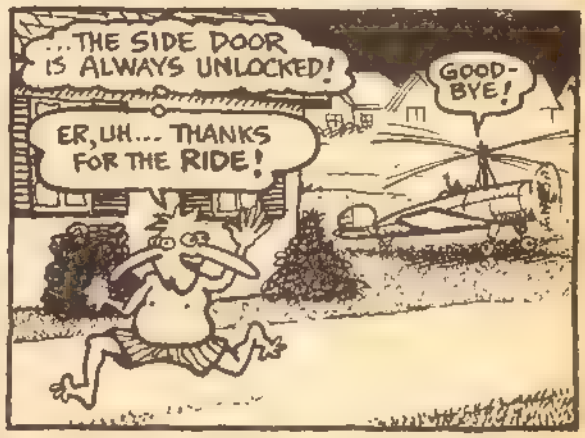


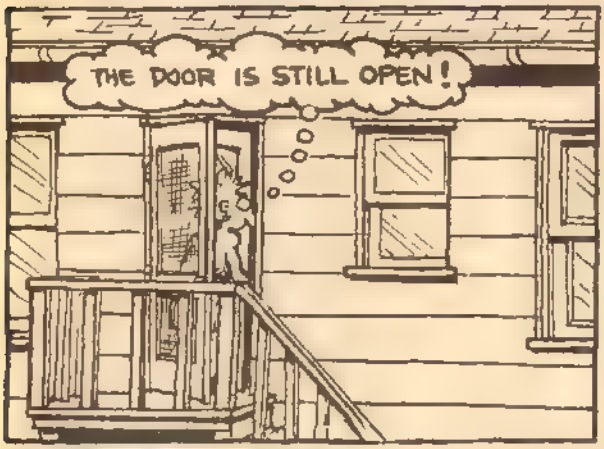


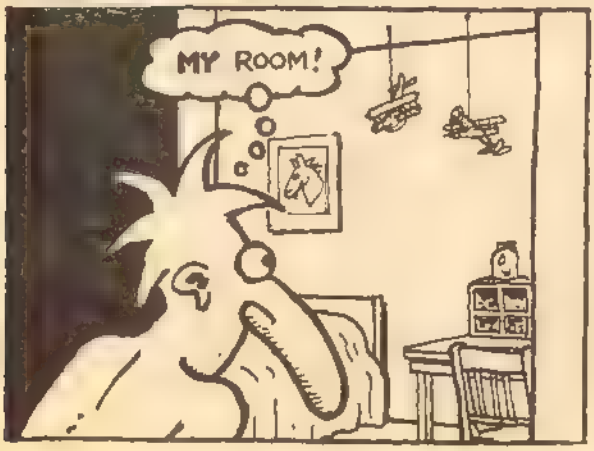



WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO YOUR HOUSE!

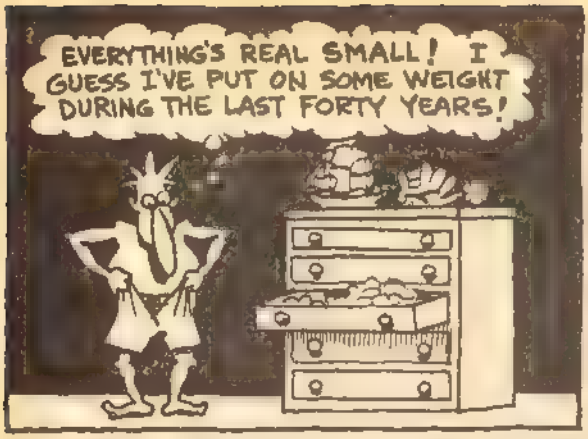

IT'S MY HOUSE! THE HOUSE WHERE I LIVED WHEN I WAS GROWING UP!

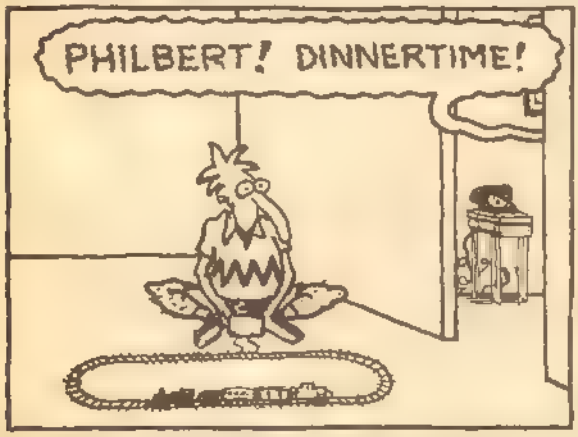

...THE SIDE DOOR IS ALWAYS UNLOCKED!
GOOD-BYE!
ER, UH... THANKS FOR THE RIDE!

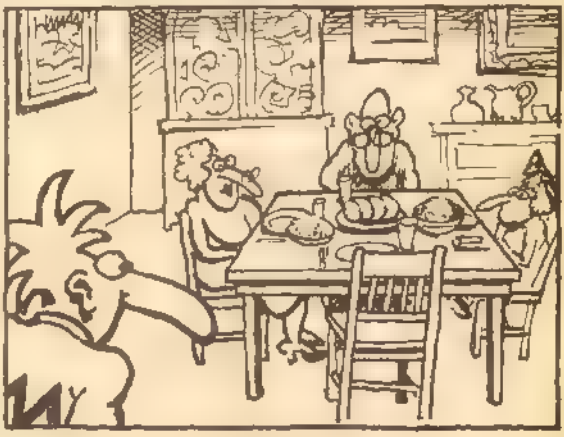

THE DOOR IS STILL OPEN!


MY ROOM!

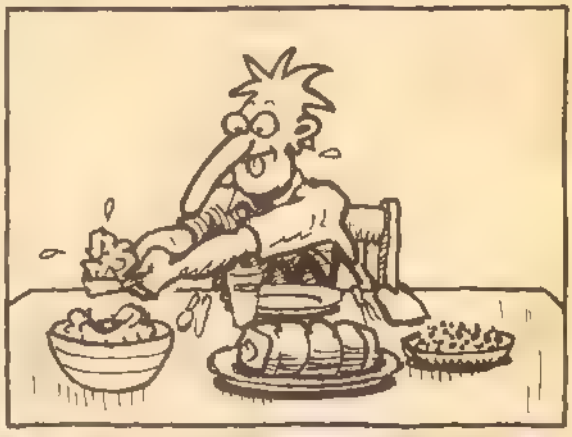
MY SOCKS, MY UNDERWEAR...


EVERYTHING'S REAL SMALL! I GUESS I'VE PUT ON SOME WEIGHT DURING THE LAST FORTY YEARS!

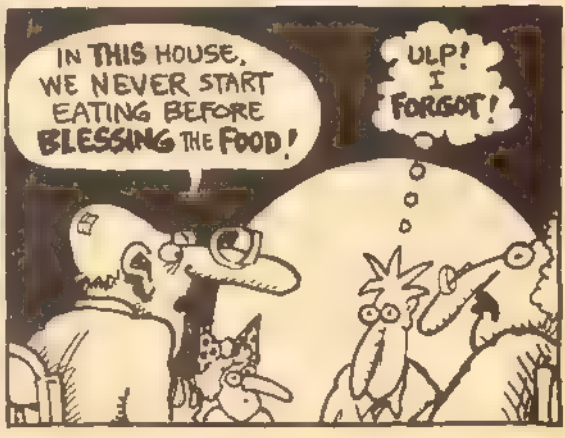

PHILBERT! DINNERTIME!



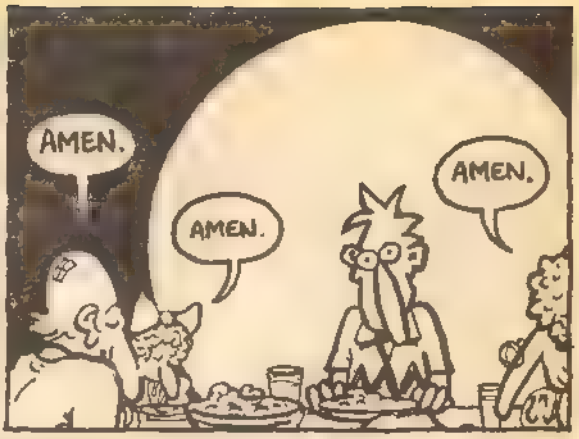
OH BOY, MY FAVORITE MEAL! ROAST BEEF WITH BROWN GRAVY, PEAS, MASHED POTATOES, FRESH ROLLS AND A HUGE GLASS OF BUTTERMILK!

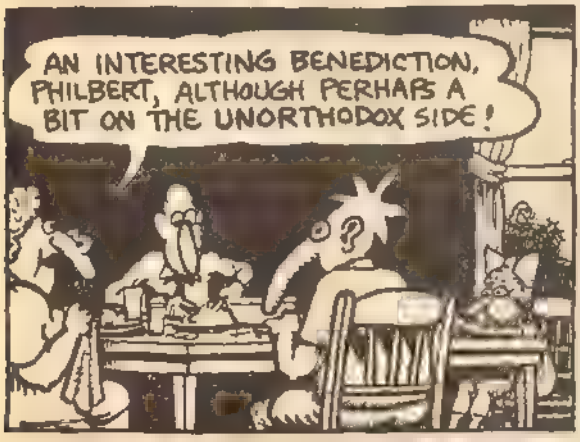


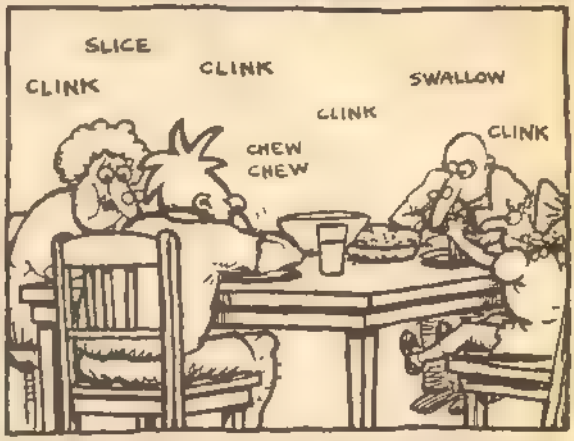
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

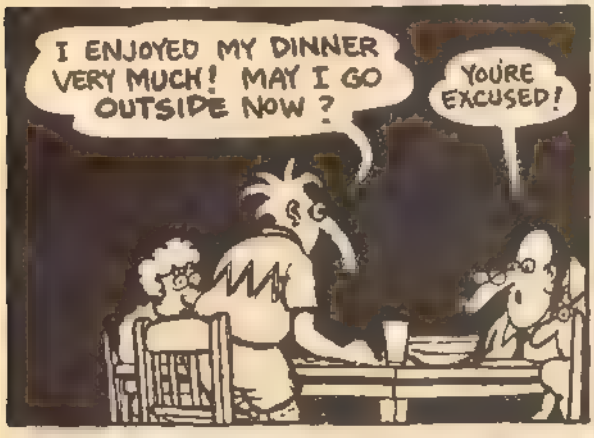

IN THIS HOUSE, WE NEVER START EATING BEFORE BLESSING THE FOOD!
ULP! I FORGOT!

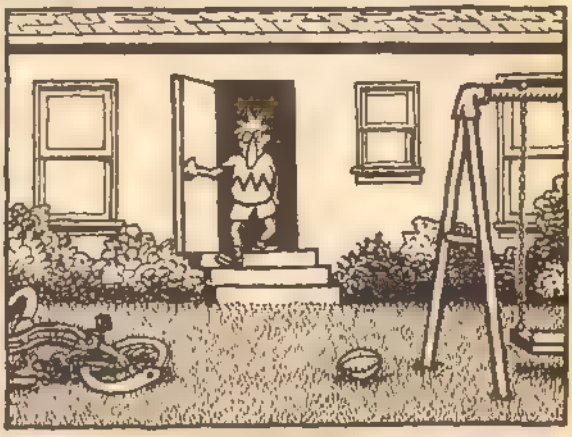
PLEASE SAY THE BLESSING, PHILBERT!
GOOD LORD, I HAVEN'T SAID GRACE IN TWENTY-THREE YEARS! YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO REMEMBER HOW!

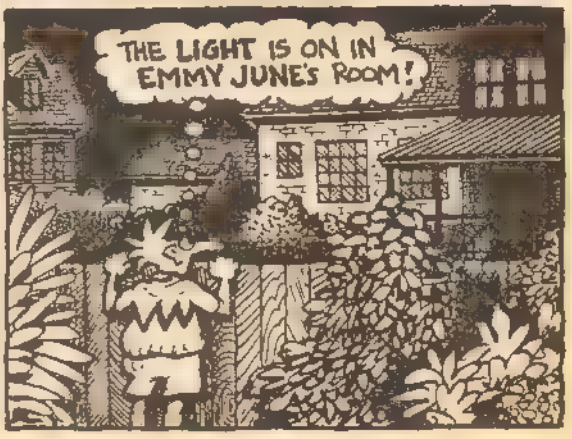

AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.

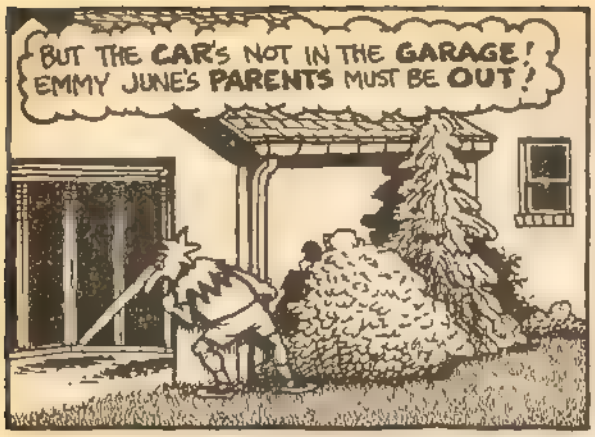

AN INTERESTING BENEDICTION, PHILBERT, ALTHOUGH PERHAPS A BIT ON THE UNORTHODOX SIDE!


SLICE
CLINK
CLINK
SWALLOW
CLINK
CHEW CHEW
CLINK

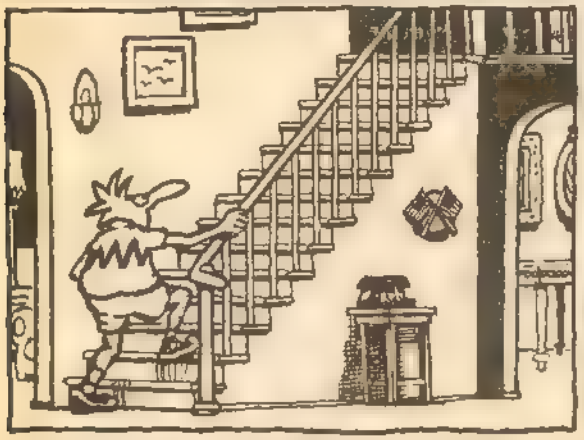

I ENJOYED MY DINNER VERY MUCH! MAY I GO OUTSIDE NOW?
YOU'RE EXCUSED!

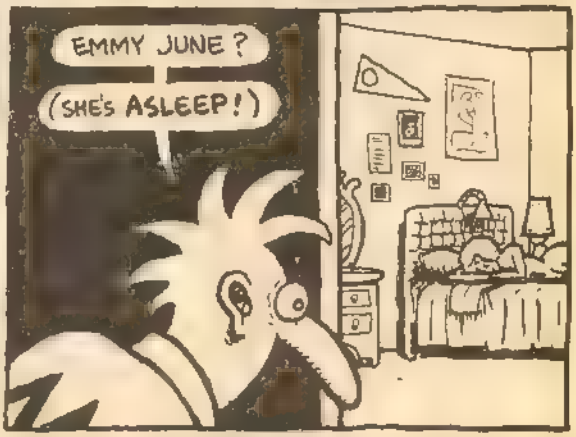


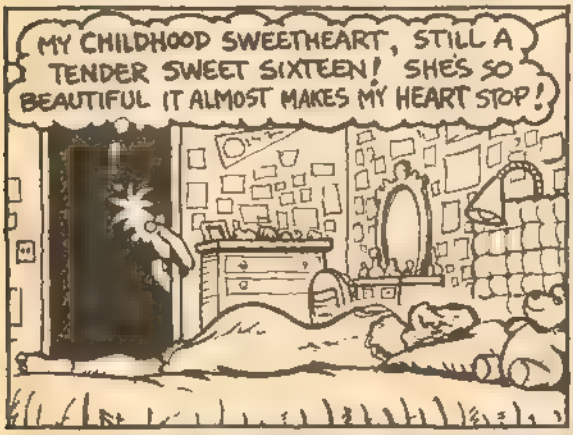

THE LIGHT IS ON IN EMMY JUNE'S ROOM!


BUT THE CAR'S NOT IN THE GARAGE! EMMY JUNE'S PARENTS MUST BE OUT!

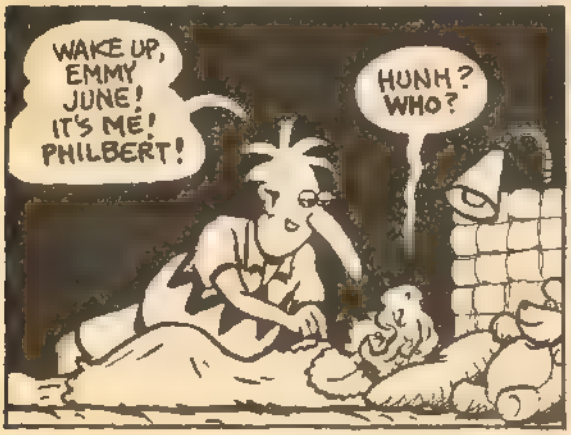
THEIR DOOR'S UNLOCKED!




EMMY JUNE?
(SHE'S ASLEEP!)

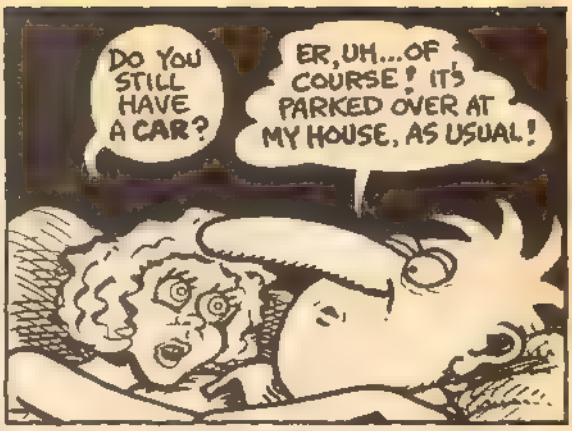

MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART, STILL A TENDER SWEET SIXTEEN! SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL IT ALMOST MAKES MY HEART STOP!

WHEN I WAS A KID I WAS TOO SHY TO MAKE ANY ADVANCES TOWARD HER! BUT NOW I'VE OVERCOME MY SHYNESS!

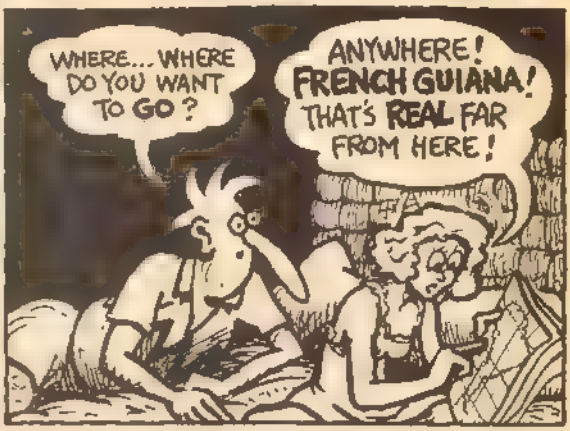

WAKE UP, EMMY JUNE! IT'S ME! PHILBERT!
HUNH? WHO?

PHILBERT DESANEX! GREAT TO SEE YOU, PHILBERT!!!
SMACK
KISS
KISS

OH, PHILBERT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE NEEDED YOU SO!

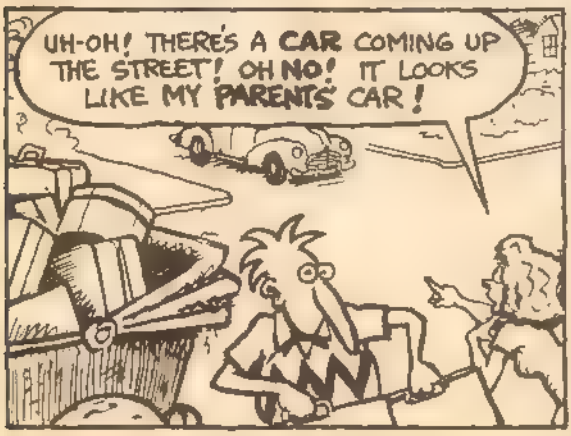

DO YOU STILL HAVE A CAR?
ER, UH... OF COURSE! IT'S PARKED OVER AT MY HOUSE, AS USUAL!

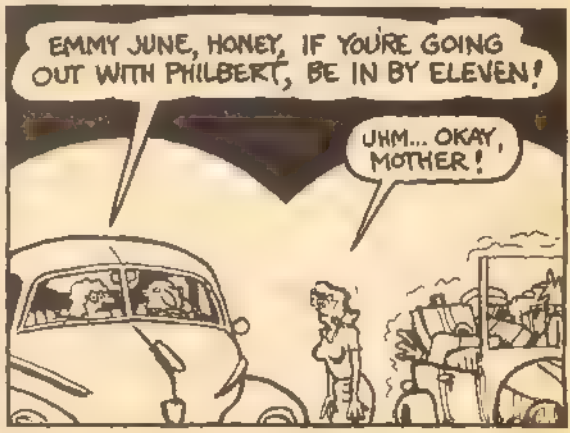
WILL YOU TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE, PHILBERT? I'M SICK OF THIS PLACE AND I WANT TO GET AWAY!

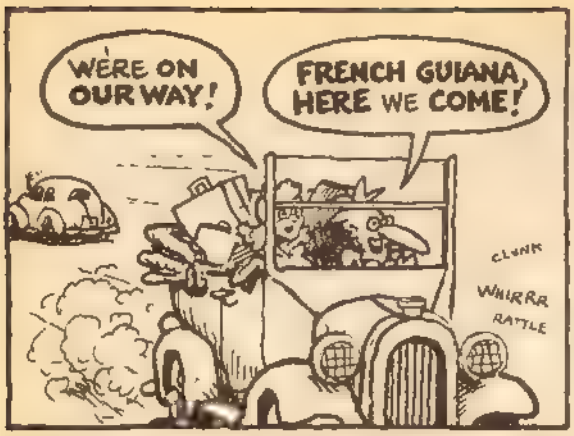

WHERE... WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?
ANYWHERE! FRENCH GUIANA! THAT'S REAL FAR FROM HERE!

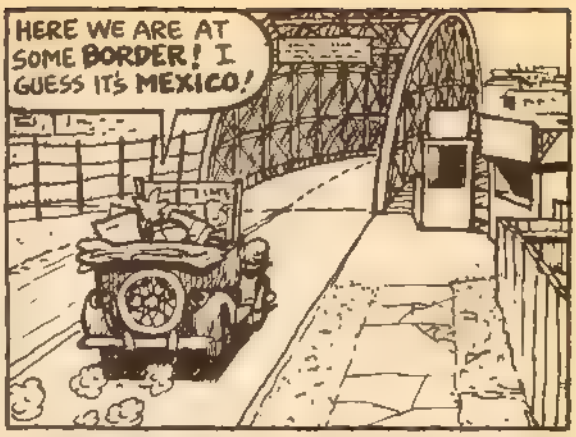
WELL, THAT MIGHT BE NICE! I'VE NEVER BEEN TO FRENCH GUIANA!
I'LL GO GET THE CAR AND PICK YOU UP HERE!
OH, THANK YOU, PHILBERT! THANK YOU SO MUCH!

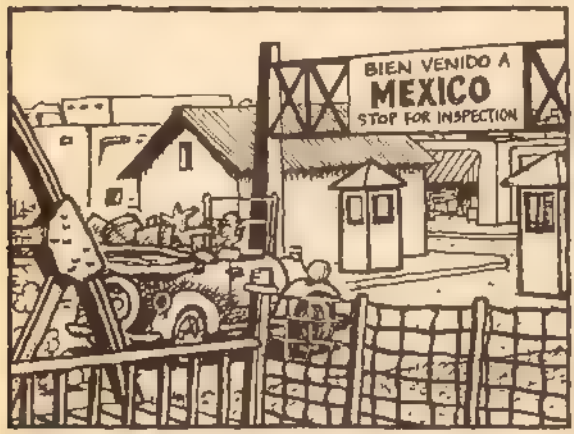
CHUG
POP

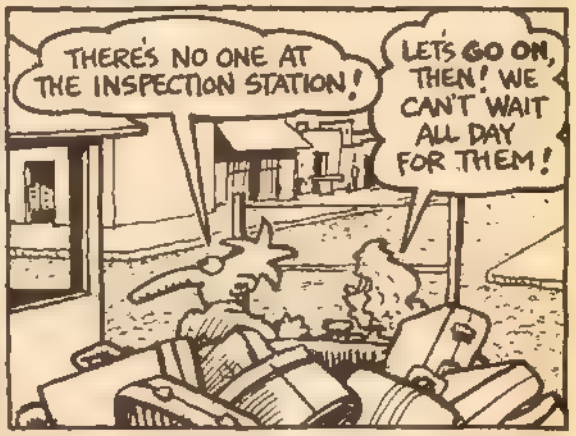

UH-OH! THERE'S A CAR COMING UP THE STREET! OH NO! IT LOOKS LIKE MY PARENTS' CAR!


EMMY JUNE, HONEY, IF YOU'RE GOING OUT WITH PHILBERT, BE IN BY ELEVEN!
UHM... OKAY, MOTHER!

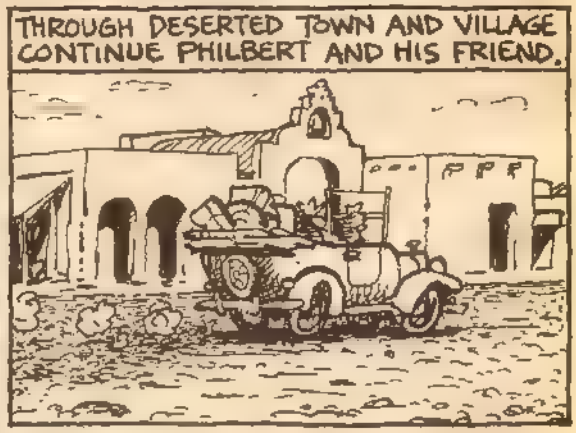

WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
FRENCH GUIANA, HERE WE COME!
CLUNK
WHIRRR
RATTLE

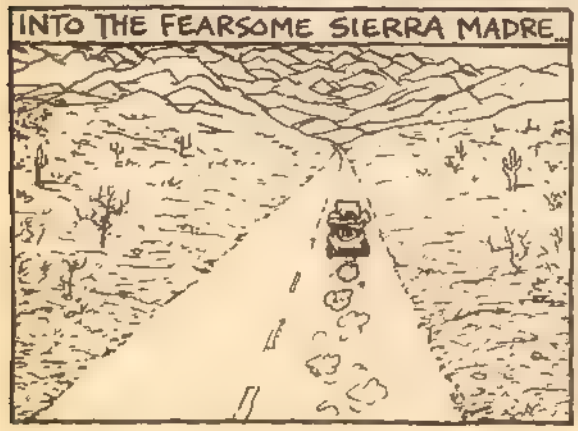

HERE WE ARE AT SOME BORDER! I GUESS IT'S MEXICO!

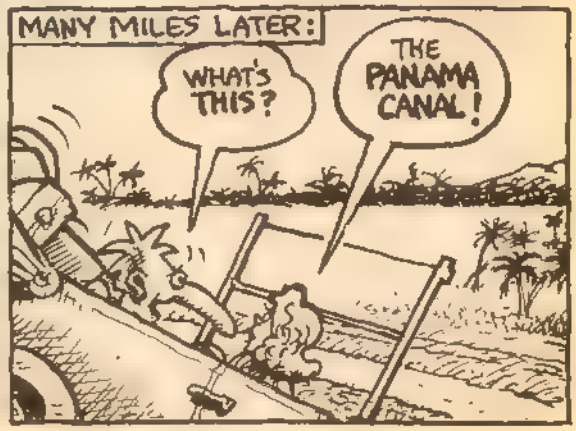

BIEN VENIDO A
MEXICO
STOP FOR INSPECTION

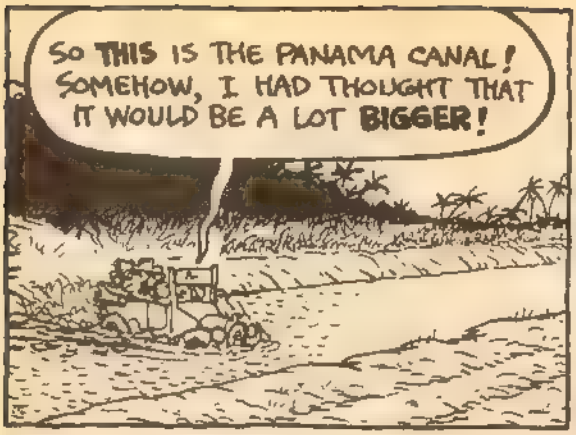

THERE'S NO ONE AT THE INSPECTION STATION!
LET'S GO ON, THEN! WE CAN'T WAIT ALL DAY FOR THEM!

THERE'S NO ONE ANYWHERE!
I WONDER WHERE THEY'VE ALL GONE?

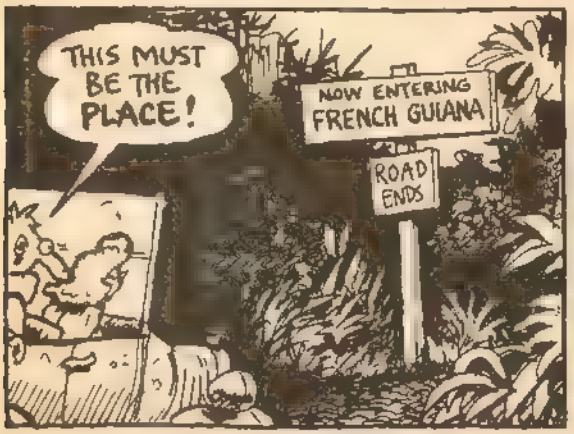

THROUGH DESERTED TOWN AND VILLAGE CONTINUE PHILBERT AND HIS FRIEND.

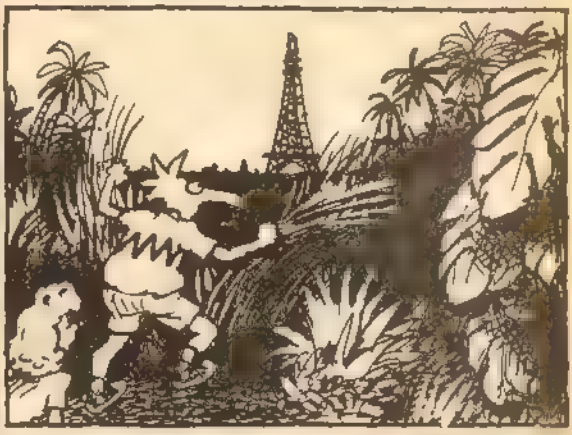

INTO THE FEARSOME SIERRA MADRE...

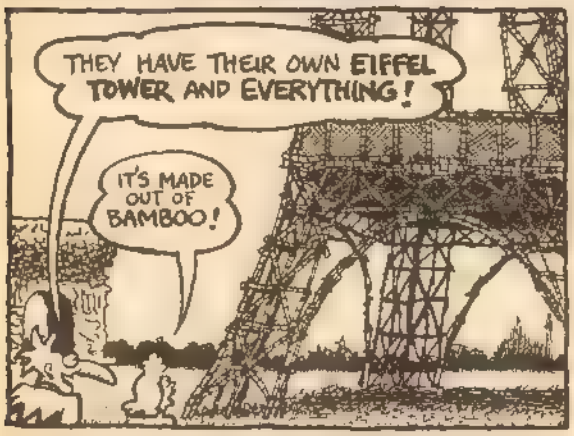

MANY MILES LATER:
WHAT'S THIS?
THE PANAMA CANAL!

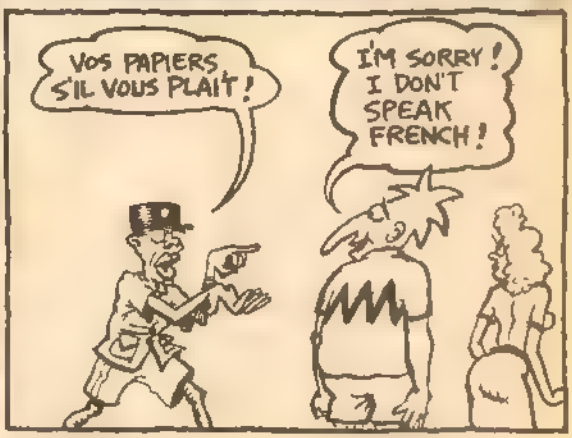

SO THIS IS THE PANAMA CANAL! SOMEHOW, I HAD THOUGHT THAT IT WOULD BE A LOT BIGGER!

WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

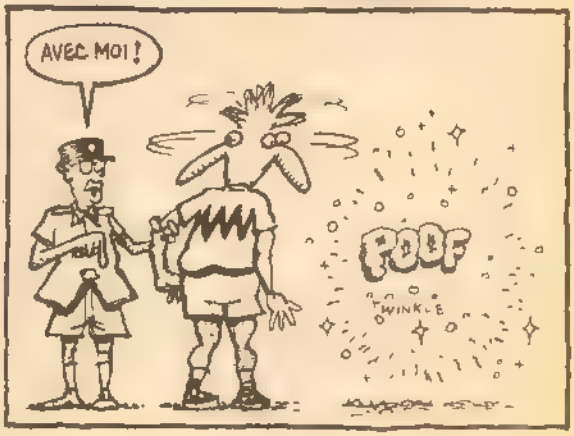

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!
NOW ENTERING FRENCH GUIANA
ROAD ENDS

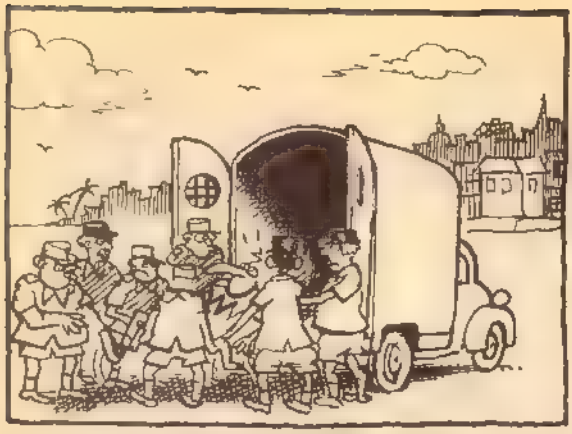


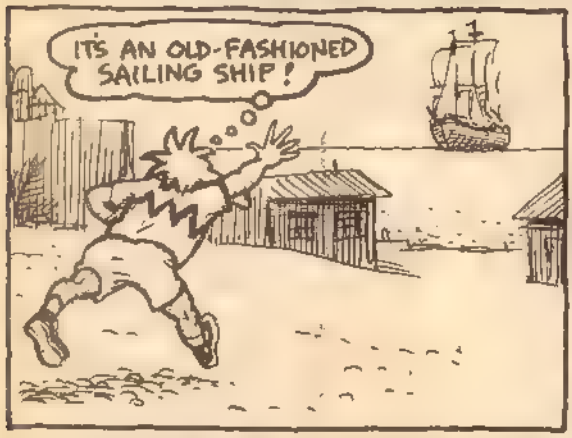

THEY HAVE THEIR OWN EIFFEL TOWER AND EVERYTHING!
IT'S MADE OUT OF BAMBOO!

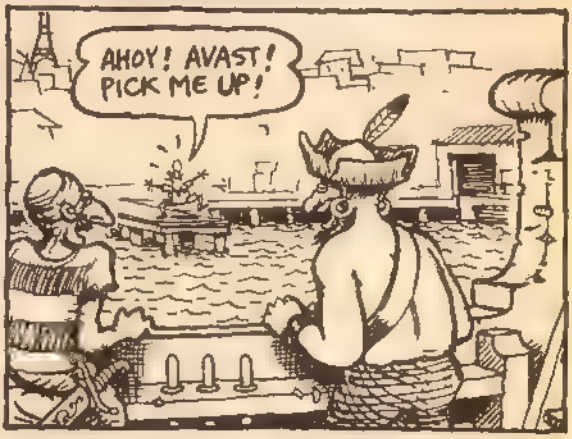

VOS PAPIERS, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT!
I'M SORRY! I DON'T SPEAK FRENCH!

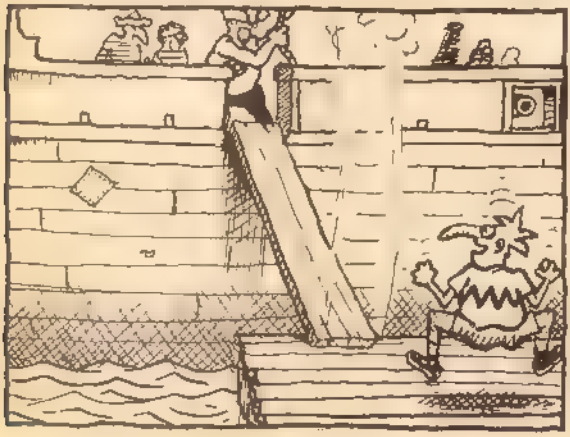
TOUJOURS CROYENT LES ÉTRANGERS BÊTES QU'ILS POUVENT VISITER SANS APPRENDRE LA LANGUE, N'EST-CE PAS, MON IDIOT ?
UH, PHILBERT, I TOLD MY MOM I'D BE HOME BY ELEVEN, SO I'D BETTER BE GONE!

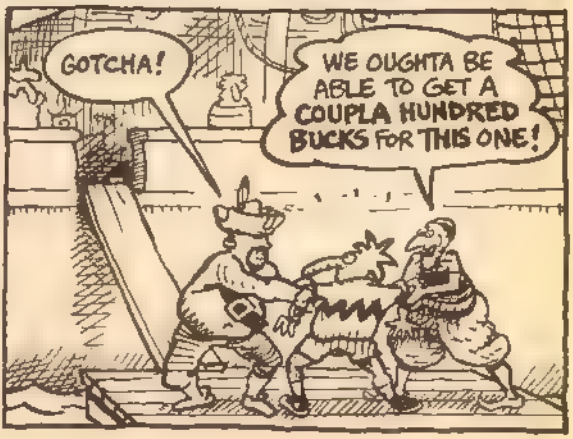

AVEC MOI!
POOF
TWINKLE




IT'S AN OLD-FASHIONED SAILING SHIP!


AHOY! AVAST! PICK ME UP!

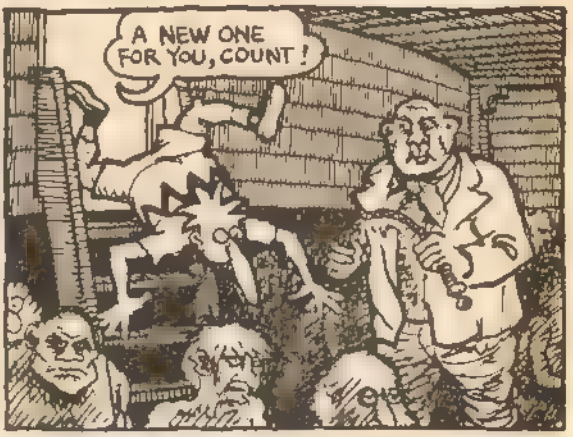


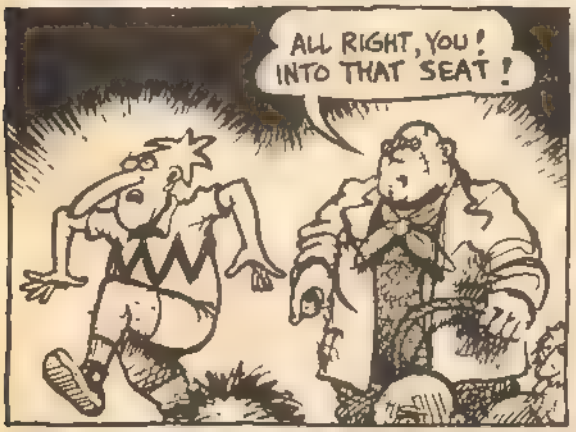

GOTCHA!
WE OUGHTA BE ABLE TO GET A COUPLA HUNDRED BUCKS FOR THIS ONE!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
NOTHING DOING! YOU BELONG TO US NOW!

PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD! THEY'VE RE-LEGALIZED SLAVERY IN THE U.S.!
ONLY IF WE USE THE "TRADITIONAL EQUIPMENT!"

BUT I DONT EVEN LIVE HERE! I'M JUST A TOURIST IN FRENCH GUIANA!
IT'S ONLY WHERE YOU ARE WHEN YOU'RE CAUGHT THAT COUNTS! TOUGH LUCK, BUB!
Z

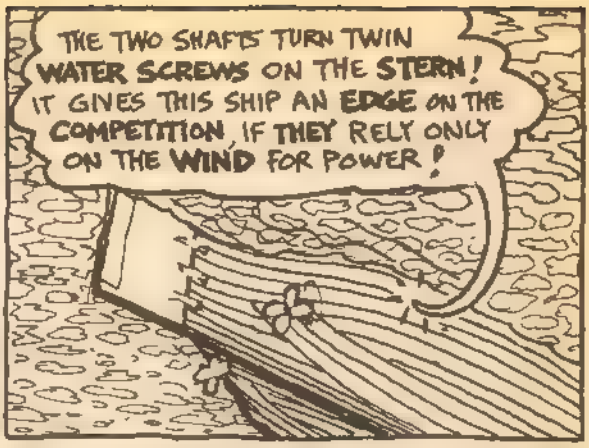

A NEW ONE FOR YOU, COUNT!


ALL RIGHT, YOU! INTO THAT SEAT!

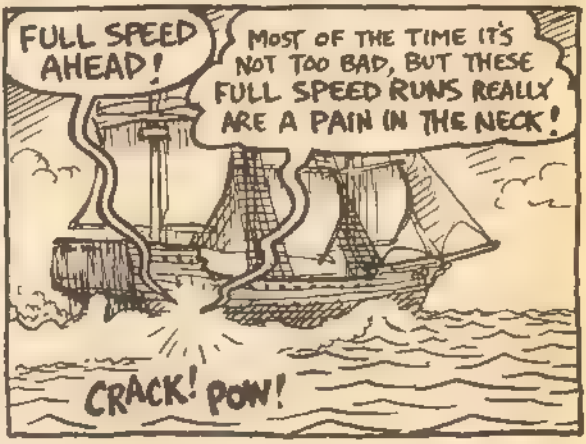
PUT YOUR FEET THERE!

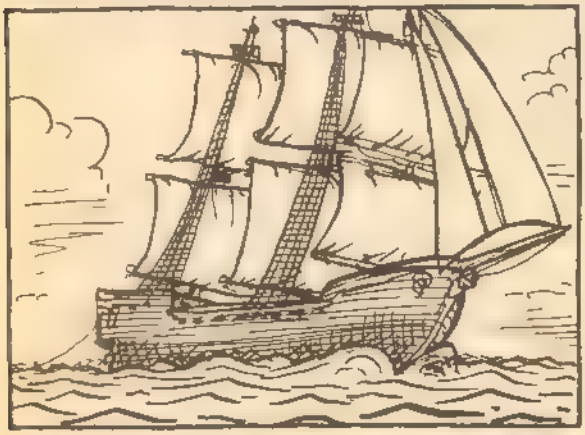
WELL, AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO ROW! THAT'S A RELIEF! HEH HEH HEH!

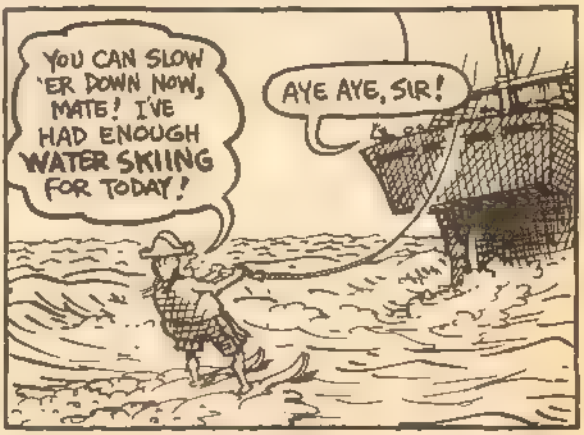
LATER.
...THERE'S TWO SHAFTS, Y'SEE, THAT ALL THESE HERE FOOTPEDALS ARE GEARED UP TO!

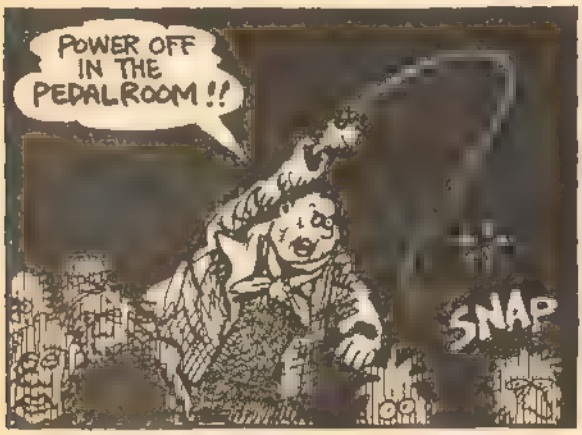

THE TWO SHAFTS TURN TWIN WATER SCREWS ON THE STERN! IT GIVES THIS SHIP AN EDGE ON THE COMPETITION, IF THEY RELY ONLY ON THE WIND FOR POWER!

ALL RIGHT, GANG, TIME FOR A FULL SPEED TEST RUN!


FULL SPEED AHEAD!
MOST OF THE TIME IT'S NOT TOO BAD, BUT THESE FULL SPEED RUNS REALLY ARE A PAIN IN THE NECK!
CRACK! POW!

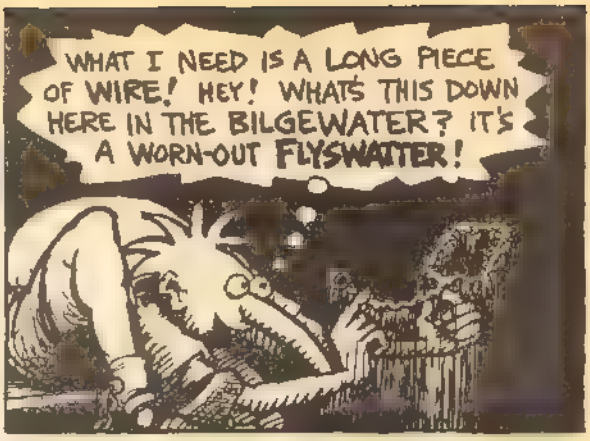



YOU CAN SLOW 'ER DOWN NOW, MATE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH WATER SKIING FOR TODAY!
AYE AYE, SIR!

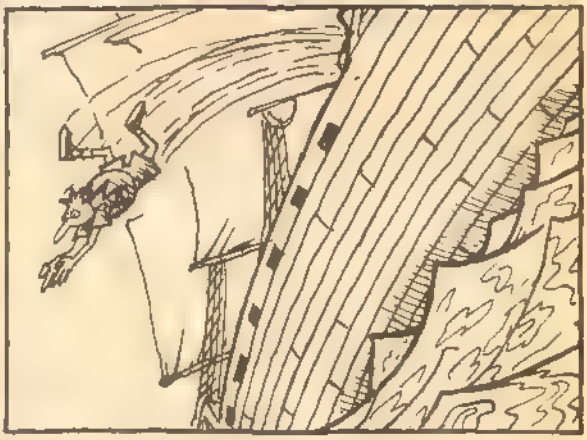

POWER OFF IN THE PEDALROOM!!
SNAP

WHEW! THOSE TOP SPEED RUNS ARE TOO MUCH FOR ME TO ENDURE! I HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW!

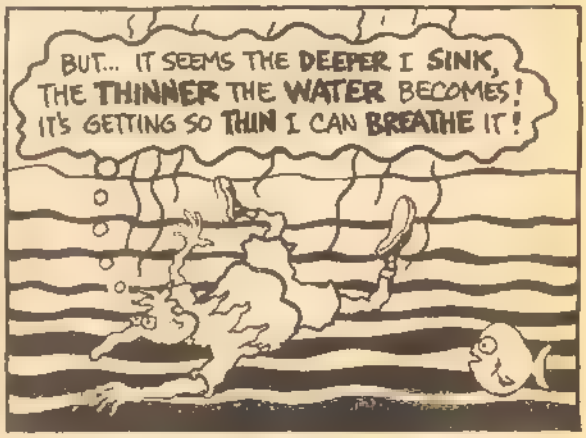
THE KEYS TO THE LEG SHACKLES! THEY'RE HANGING ON THAT GUY'S BELT!
PIRATE COMICS

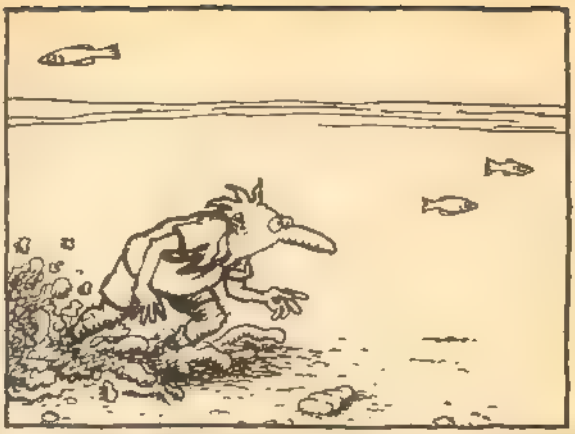

WHAT I NEED IS A LONG PIECE OF WIRE! HEY! WHAT'S THIS DOWN HERE IN THE BILGEWATER? IT'S A WORN-OUT FLYSWATTER!

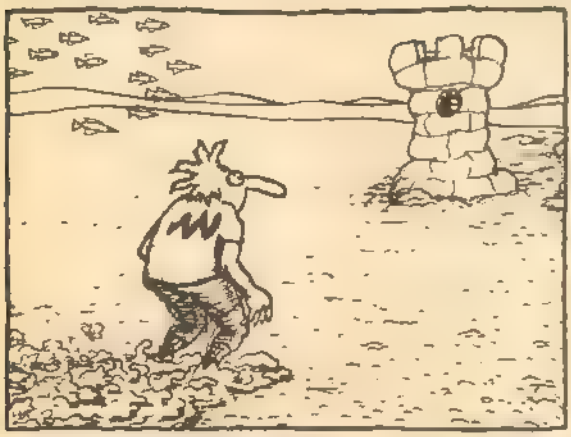
CLICK



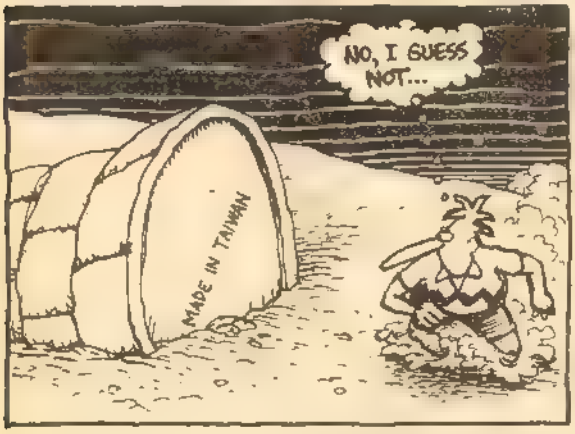
I'M SINKING! I CAN'T STAY AFLOAT!

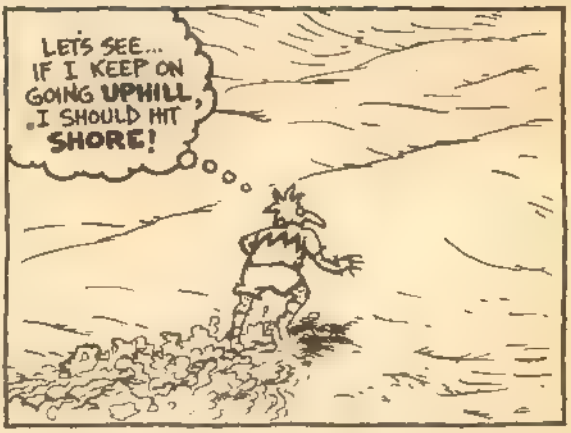

BUT... IT SEEMS THE DEEPER I SINK, THE THINNER THE WATER BECOMES! IT'S GETTING SO THIN I CAN BREATHE IT!

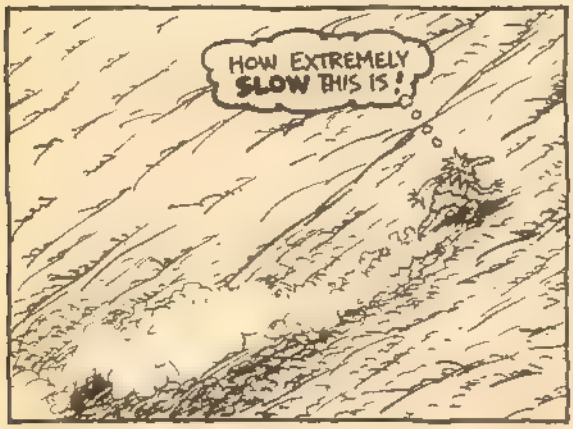


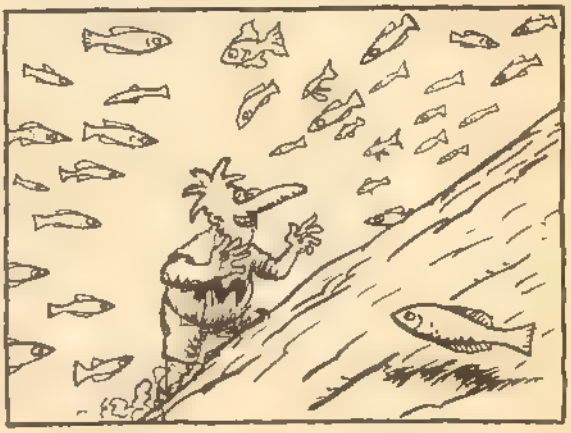


COULD THIS BE THE LOST CIVILIZATION OF ATLANTIS?

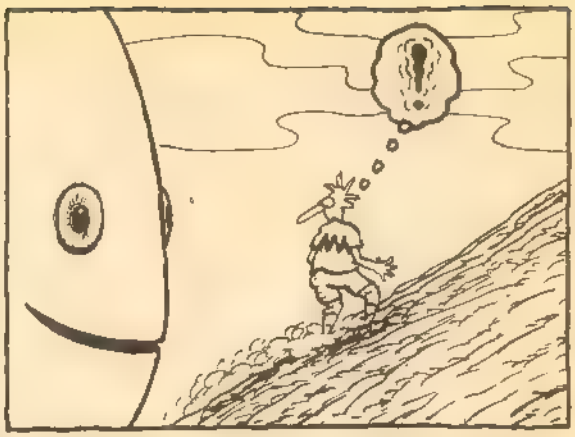

NO, I GUESS NOT...
MADE IN TAIWAN


LET'S SEE... IF I KEEP ON GOING UPHILL, I SHOULD HIT SHORE!

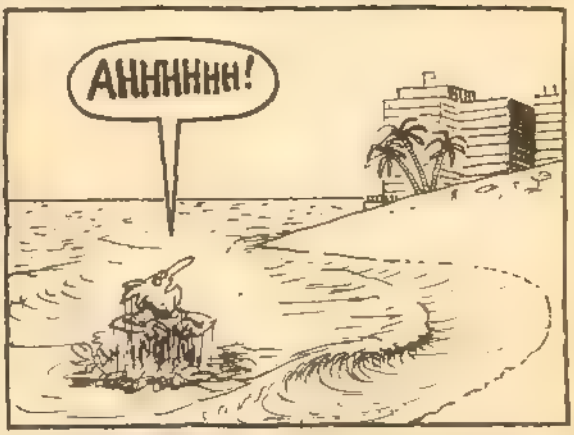

HOW EXTREMELY SLOW THIS IS!

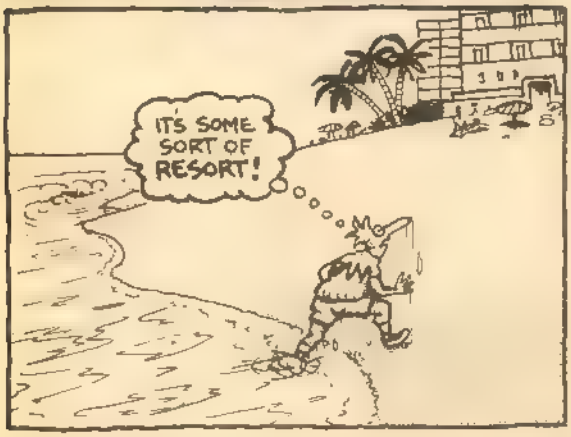


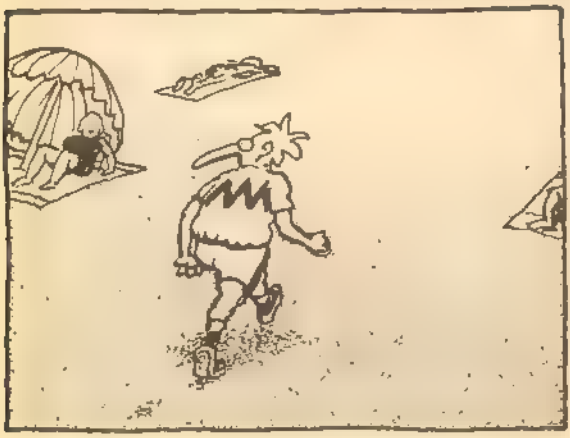
?

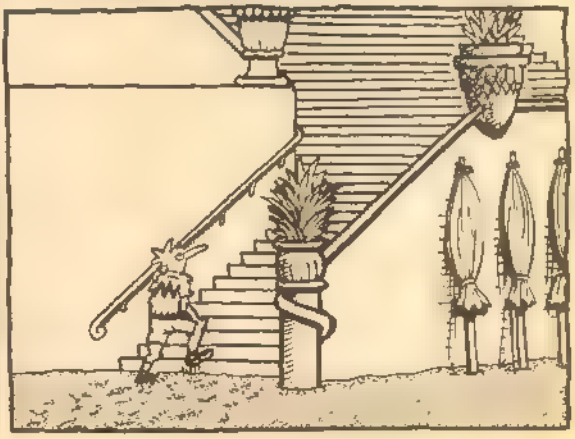

!

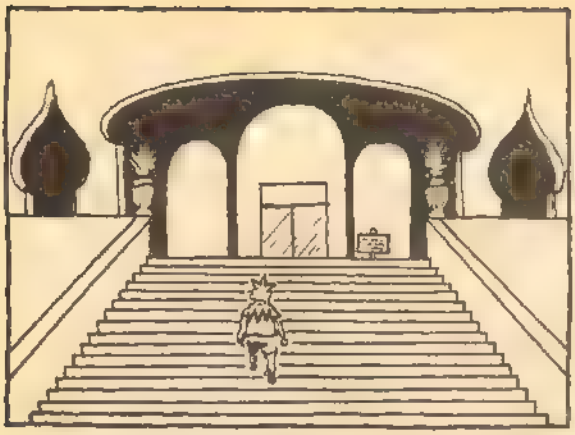
JUST A FEW FEET TO THE SURFACE

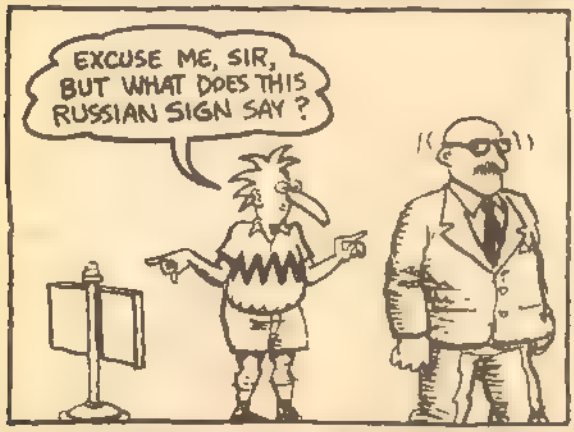

AHHHHHH!

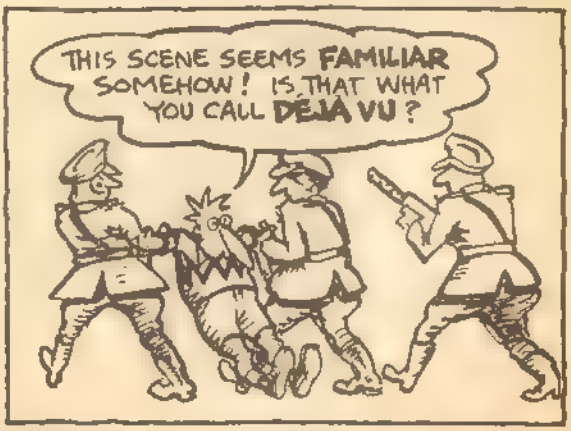

IT'S SOME SORT OF RESORT!



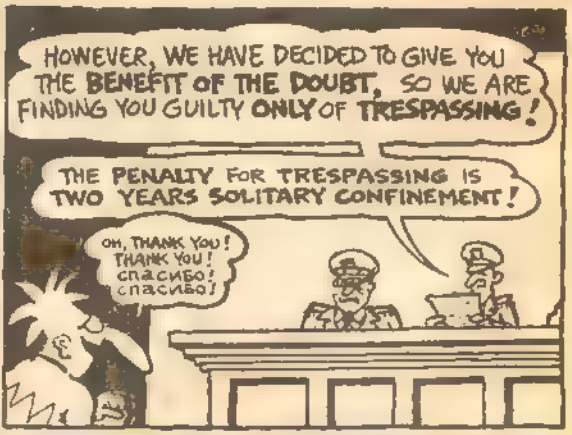


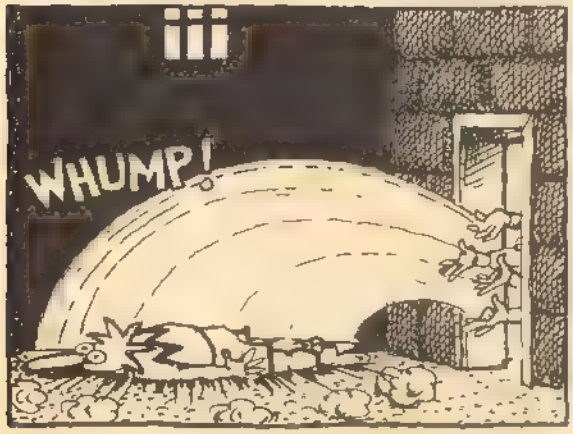


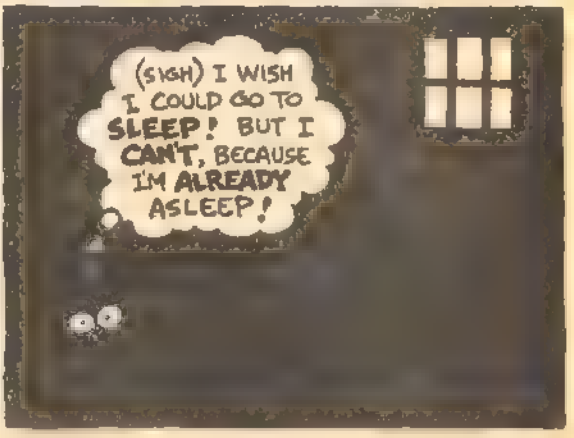




PHILBERT IS SUBJECTED TO A LONG, DRAWN-OUT ESPIONAGE TRIAL, DURING WHICH THE COMPLICATED RUSSIAN LANGUAGE BECOMES UNDERSTANDABLE TO HIM.

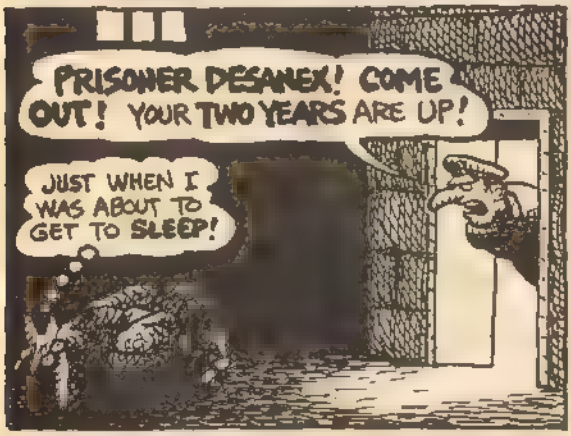


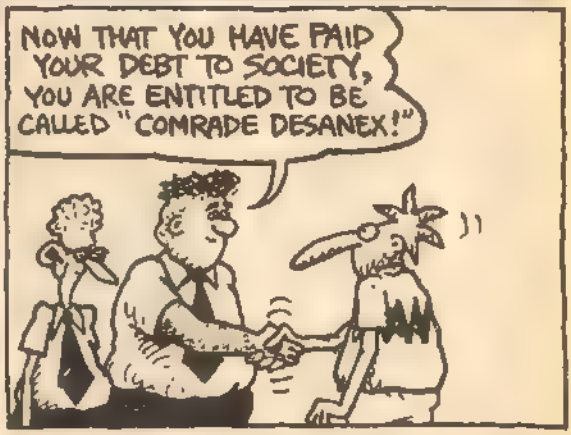


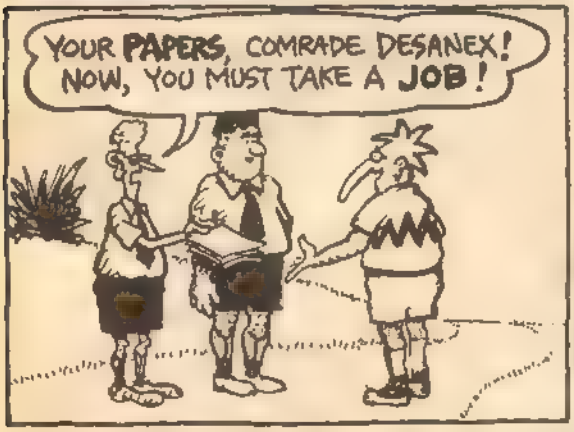


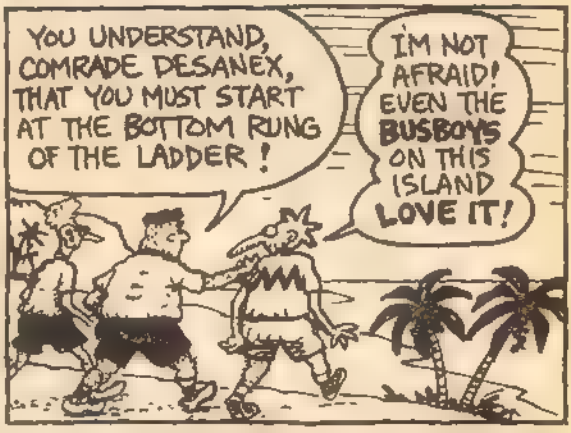
YOUR FOOD, PRISONER!
THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE HAS BEEN TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN TO ENGLISH FOR OUR ENGLISH-SPEAKING READERS.

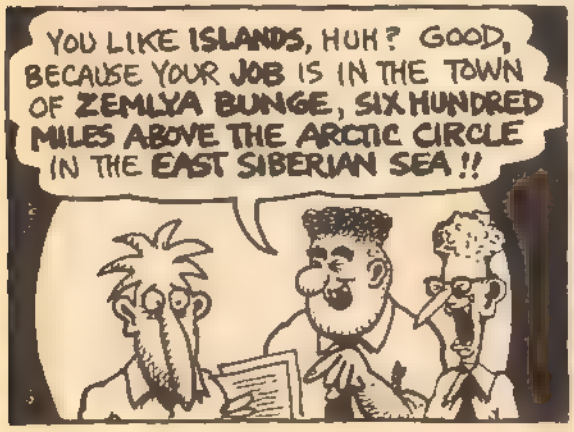
UGH! VODKA AND CAVIAR AGAIN! I'M REALLY GETTING SICK OF VODKA AND CAVIAR!

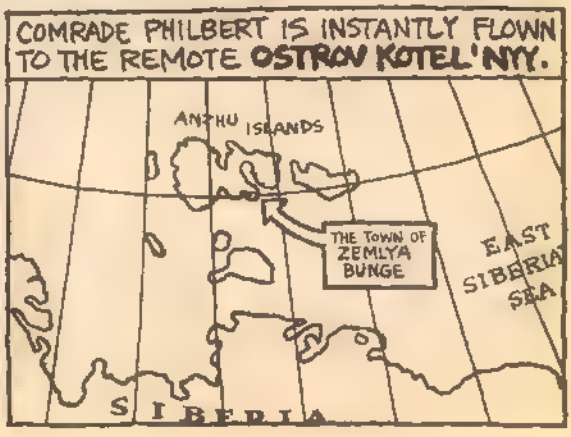

PRISONER DESANEX! COME OUT! YOUR TWO YEARS ARE UP!
JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO GET TO SLEEP!


NOW THAT YOU HAVE PAID YOUR DEBT TO SOCIETY, YOU ARE ENTITLED TO BE CALLED "COMRADE DESANEX!"


YOUR PAPERS, COMRADE DESANEX! NOW, YOU MUST TAKE A JOB!


YOU UNDERSTAND, COMRADE DESANEX, THAT YOU MUST START AT THE BOTTOM RUNG OF THE LADDER!
I'M NOT AFRAID! EVEN THE BUSBOYS ON THIS ISLAND LOVE IT!


YOU LIKE ISLANDS, HUH? GOOD, BECAUSE YOUR JOB IS IN THE TOWN OF ZEMLYA BUNGE, SIX HUNDRED MILES ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IN THE EAST SIBERIAN SEA!!


COMRADE PHILBERT IS INSTANTLY FLOWN TO THE REMOTE OSTROV KOTEL'NYY.
ANZHU ISLANDS
THE TOWN OF ZEMLYA BUNGE
EAST SIBERIAN SEA
SIBERIA

THERE, HE IS ISSUED AN OVERCOAT, A SNOW SHOVEL, AND A BALE OF FROZEN CARP.

YOU'RE THE NEW GUY, HUNH? PLEASED TO MEET YOU!

YOUR JOB WILL BE TO TRY TO KEEP THE SNOW OFF THE SIDEWALKS IN FRONT!

THAT USED TO BE **MY** JOB, SO I KNOW HOW **TOUGH** IT CAN GET! IT MUST SNOW **850 INCHES** A **YEAR**!

LATER:

...SO THAT'S MY STORY! WHAT DID **YOU** DO BEFORE YOU CAME HERE?

I WAS THE **HUMOR EDITOR** OF **PRAVDA**!

SLOWLY, PHILBERT ADJUSTS TO THE RIGOR OF HIS OBLIGATORY TERM OF ARCTIC EMPLOYMENT.

QUIT STARING AT THE **AURORA BOREALIS**, COMRADE DESANEX, AND START **SHOVELING SNOW**!

YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF THOSE THINGS BEFORE YOU LEAVE THIS PLACE!

HE ALSO AVIDLY STUDIES HIS OFFICIAL BOOK OF COMMUNIST DOGMA DURING THE LONG NIGHT.

EVENTUALLY, HE IS GIVEN A PROMOTION IN RANK.

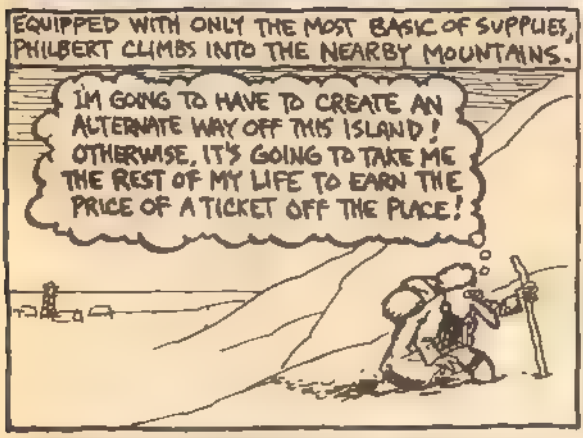
AND THEN, SOME TIME LATER, **ANOTHER**.

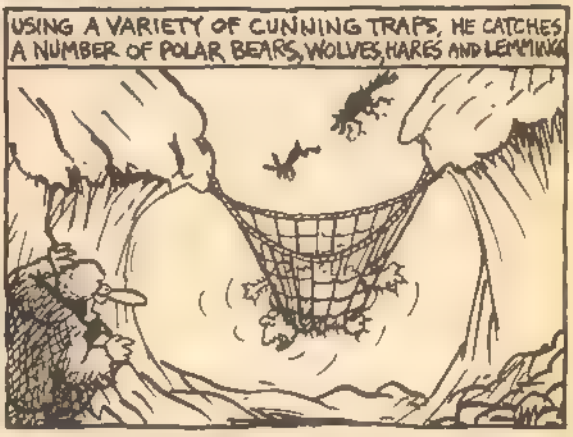
AND THEN ANOTHER.

AND ANOTHER
SMECK!

BY NOW, HE HAS SO MUCH RANK THAT HE GETS SPECIAL PRIVILEGES AWARDED TO HIM AS WELL.
COMRADE DESANEX, YOU ARE NOW ELIGIBLE TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND WHENEVER YOU WISH!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

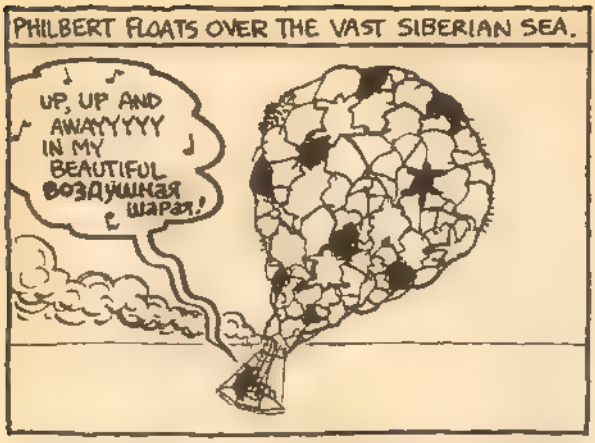
HOORAY! I CAN LEAVE! I CAN LEAVE! WHEN IS THE NEXT PLANE?
THE BAD NEWS IS, AN AIRPLANE TICKET COSTS 100,000 RUBLES! EVEN BOATFARE IS 50,000 RUBLES!


EQUIPPED WITH ONLY THE MOST BASIC OF SUPPLIES, PHILBERT CLIMBS INTO THE NEARBY MOUNTAINS.
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CREATE AN ALTERNATE WAY OFF THIS ISLAND! OTHERWISE, IT'S GOING TO TAKE ME THE REST OF MY LIFE TO EARN THE PRICE OF A TICKET OFF THE PLACE!

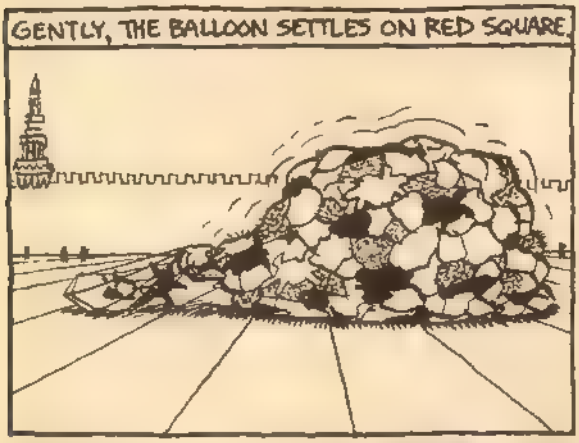

USING A VARIETY OF CUNNING TRAPS, HE CATCHES A NUMBER OF POLAR BEARS, WOLVES, HARES AND LEMMINGS

PAINSTAKINGLY, PHILBERT SEWS TOGETHER A HUGE BALLOON FROM THE SKINS OF THE SLAIN ANIMALS.

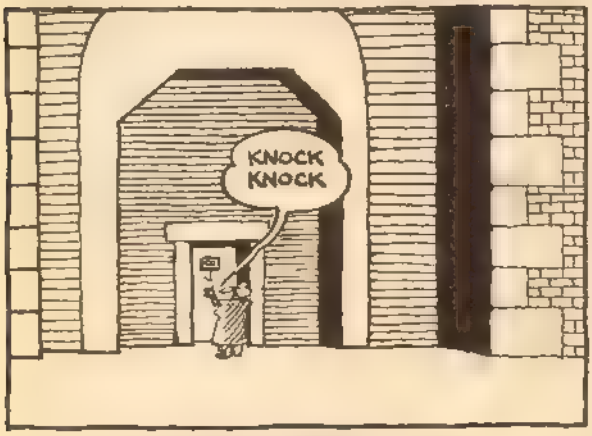
IT WORKS! I'M OFF!


PHILBERT FLOATS OVER THE VAST SIBERIAN SEA.
UP, UP AND AWAYYYYY IN MY BEAUTIFUL ВОЗДУШНАЯ ШАРАР!

SOON, HE COMES TO THE CITY OF MOSCOW.


GENTLY, THE BALLOON SETTLES ON RED SQUARE.

COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE KREMLIN?
IT STANDS RIGHT THERE, COMRADE!


KNOCK KNOCK

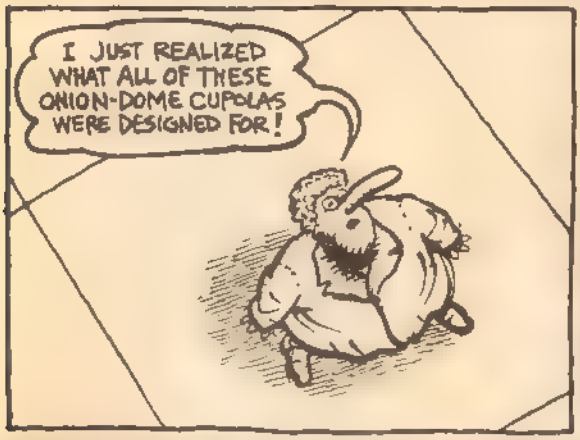
SERVICE ENTRANCE
WHO'S THERE?

THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES! I HAVE AN URGENT MESSAGE FOR THE POLITBURO!

THE POLITBURO'S NOT HERE!
IT DISAPPEARED IN 1952!

CONFUSED AND BEWILDERED, PHILBERT WANDERS AWAY FROM THE KREMLIN ACROSS THE HUGE SQUARE

SUDDENLY, IN HIS PATH LOOMS A HUGE CATHEDRAL
!

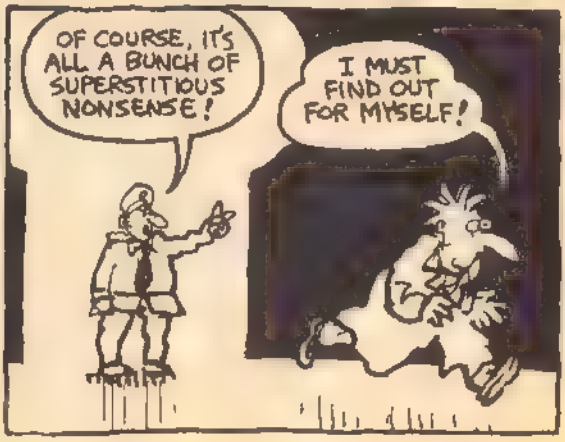

I JUST REALIZED WHAT ALL OF THESE ONION-DOME CUPOLAS WERE DESIGNED FOR!

I DON'T THINK ANYONE ELSE REALIZES IT ANY MORE, BUT THE DOMES ARE ACTUALLY SOPHISTICATED ANTENNAS FOR CERTAIN TYPES OF COSMIC RADIATION!!!

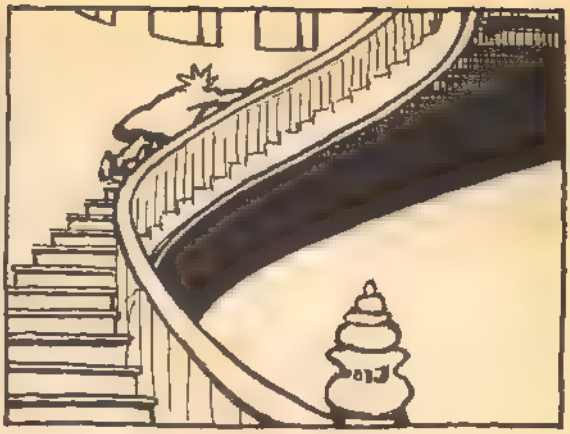
PHILBERT GOES INSIDE THE GROTESQUE BUILDING.

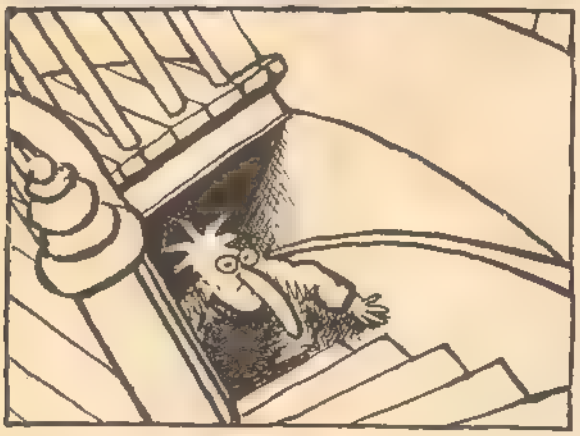
CAN YOU INFORM ME, COMRADE, WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF THESE STRANGELY-SHAPED DOMES?

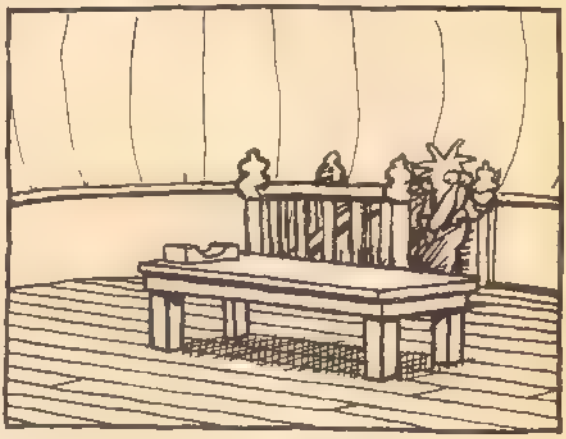
WELL, MOST PEOPLE TODAY THINK THE THINGS ARE ORNAMENTAL, BUT THE OLD-TIMERS USED TO CALL THEM "GOD ANTENNAS!"

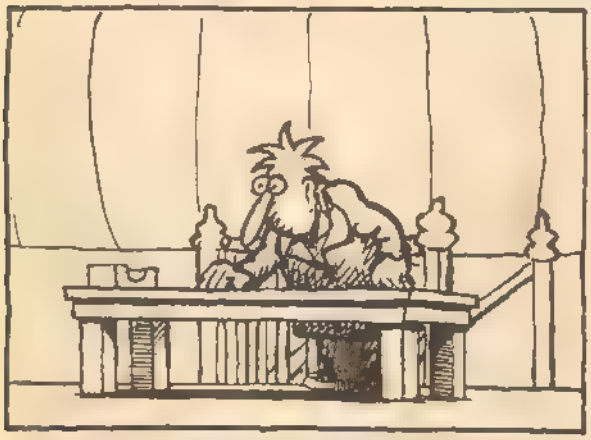

OF COURSE, IT'S ALL A BUNCH OF SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE!
I MUST FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!

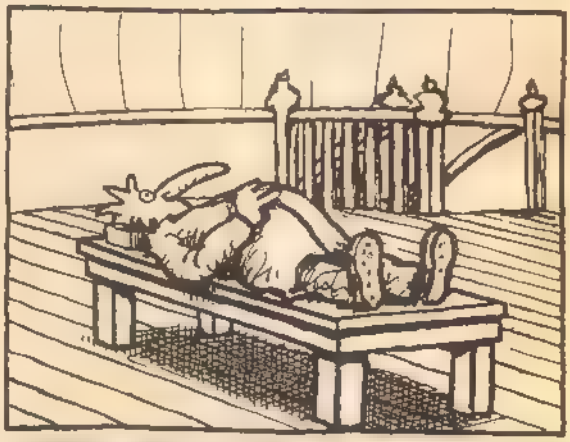
IF ONLY I COULD FIND A WAY UP INSIDE ONE OF THOSE ONION-DOMES, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO LOCATE THE FOCAL POINT OF THE ANTENNA!







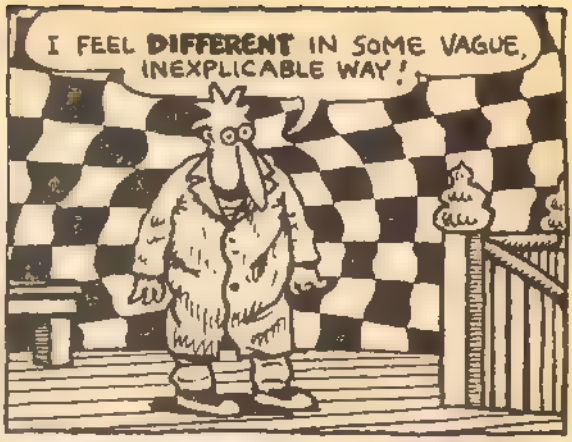


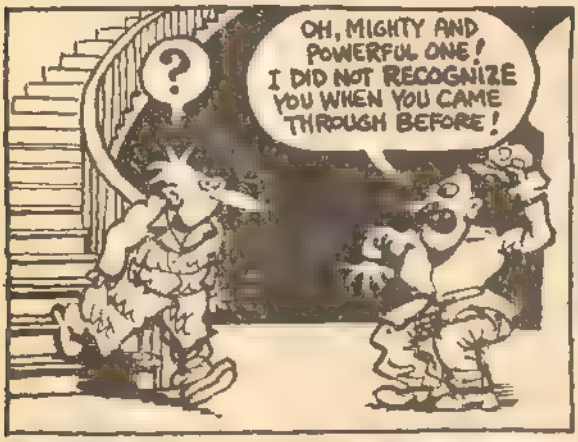


ZONK!

IT... IT'S WORKING! I FELT SOMETHING!!

I'M GLOWING!


I FEEL DIFFERENT IN SOME VAGUE, INEXPLICABLE WAY!


?
OH, MIGHTY AND POWERFUL ONE! I DID NOT RECOGNIZE YOU WHEN YOU CAME THROUGH BEFORE!

PLEASE ALLOW ME TO KISS YOUR SNEAKERS!
ME, TOO!
ME, TOO!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT IS!

SUDDENLY, I HAVE CHARISMA!

ARISE, ALL OF YOU, AND FOLLOW ME!
YOUR WISH IS OUR COMMAND, OH GREAT ONE!

FOLLOWED BY A RAGTAG CROWD, PHILBERT GOES FROM THE CATHEDRAL ACROSS RED SQUARE.

THE EVER-GROWING MOB APPROACHES THE KREMLIN.

GENERAL, SIR! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF **THAT**?

(GASP! SPUTTER!) IT'S A **POPULAR DEMONSTRATION** OF SOME SORT! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! A **POPULAR LEADER** HAS RISEN AND HAS COME TO **EXECUTE** US **ALL**!

HEAD FOR THE **STEPPE**!

THE... THE PLACE IS **DESERTED**!

TAKE THIS FURNITURE AND BUILD A FIRE! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A POW-WOW!

A POW-WOW? **NOW**? **YOW**!

WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE COMMUNISTS, THE CITIZENS OF MOSCOW PROCLAIM AS THEIR LEADER THE CHARISMATIC PHILBERT DESANEX.

ALL HAIL THE MIGHTY COMRADE DESANEX!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS! I INTEND TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS HIGH POSITION YOU HAVE AWARDED ME TO BRING **LASTING PEACE** TO THE WORLD!

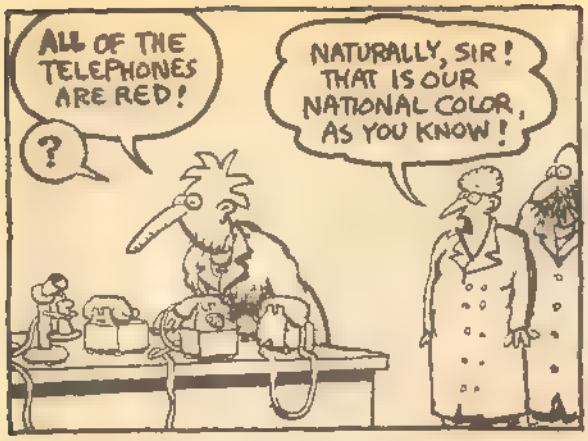
HOORAY!

WHAT ARE YOU SEARCHING FOR, OH ILLUSTRIOUS LEADER SIR?

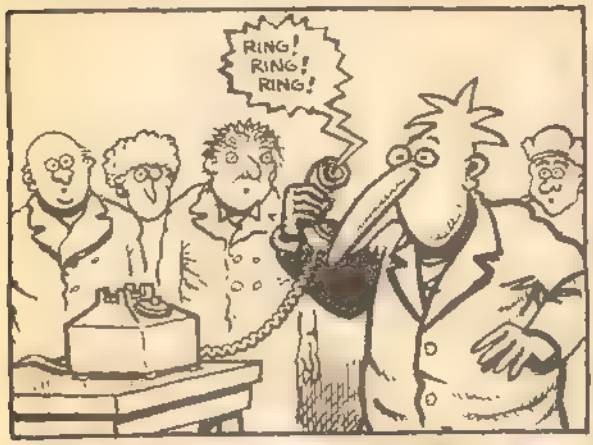
I'M LOOKING FOR THE "RED PHONE!"

THE "RED PHONE?"

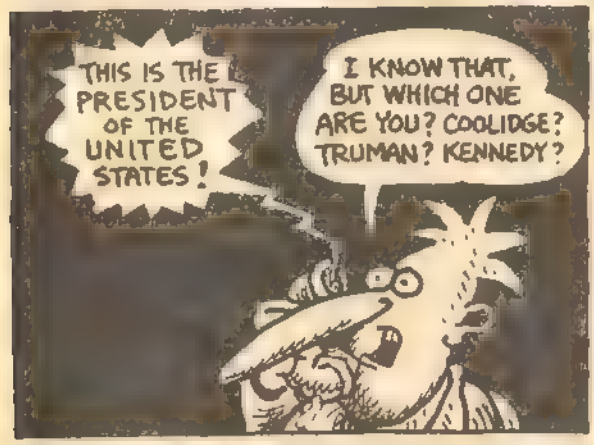
YOU KNOW, THE **DIRECT LINE** TO THE **PRESIDENT** OF THE **UNITED STATES**!


ALL OF THE TELEPHONES ARE RED!
?
NATURALLY, SIR! THAT IS OUR NATIONAL COLOR, AS YOU KNOW!

HERE IS A RED, WHITE, AND BLUE ONE!
THAT MUST BE IT!

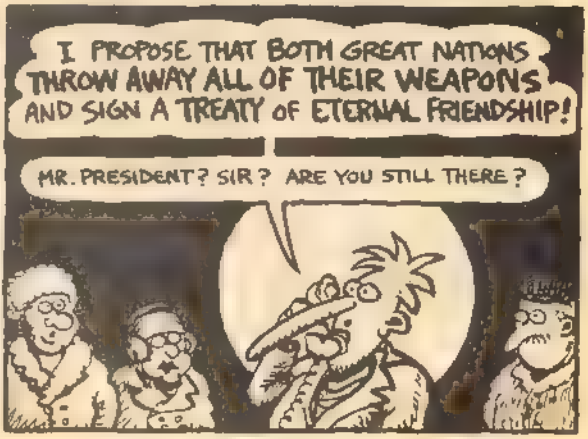

RING! RING! RING!

HELLO?
UH... WHO IS THIS?


THIS IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!
I KNOW THAT, BUT WHICH ONE ARE YOU? COOLIDGE? TRUMAN? KENNEDY?

WHO IS THIS, SOME SORT OF NUT OR SOMETHING?
OH, NO! I'M CALLING FROM THE KREMLIN!

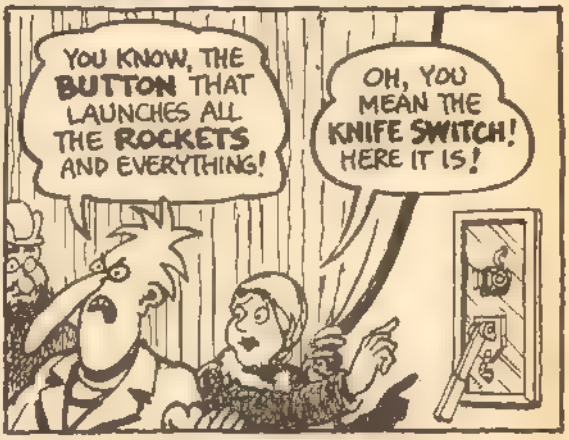
YOU SEE, ACTUALLY, I'M AN AMERICAN, BUT THE RUSSIANS HAVE MADE ME THEIR LEADER! REALLY, IT'S TRUE! AND I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER!

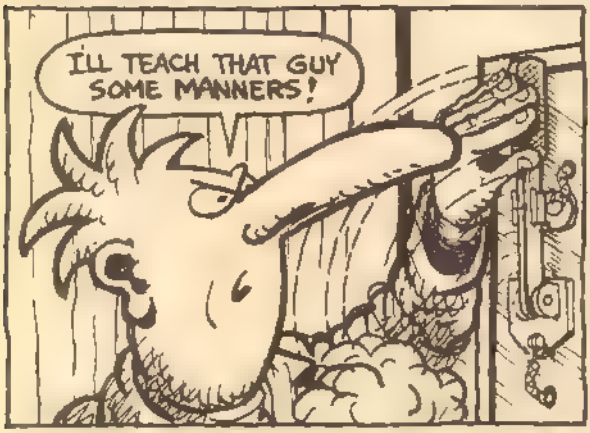

I PROPOSE THAT BOTH GREAT NATIONS THROW AWAY ALL OF THEIR WEAPONS AND SIGN A TREATY OF ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP!
MR. PRESIDENT? SIR? ARE YOU STILL THERE?

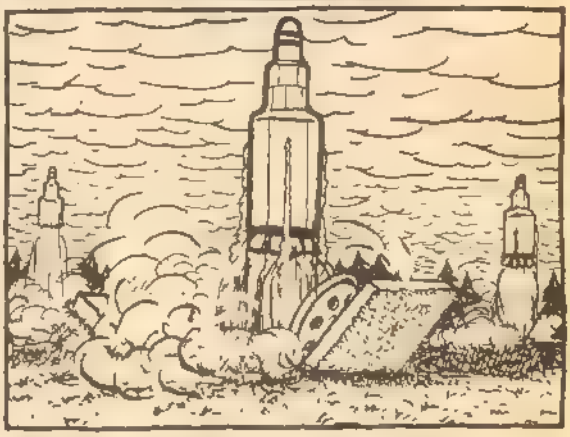
(CLICK!)
BUZZZZZZ...

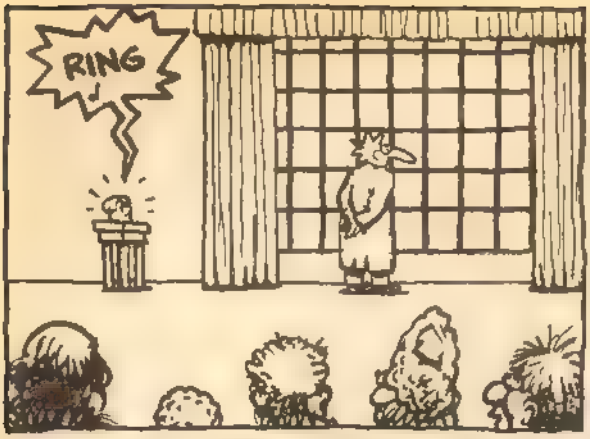
HE HUNG UP ON ME! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO END WAR FOREVER, AND HE HUNG UP IN MY FACE!

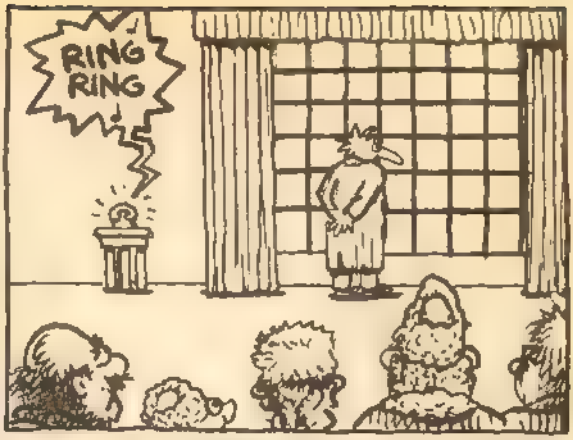
WHERE IS THE BUTTON?
"THE BUTTON?"


YOU KNOW, THE BUTTON THAT LAUNCHES ALL THE ROCKETS AND EVERYTHING!
OH, YOU MEAN THE KNIFE SWITCH! HERE IT IS!

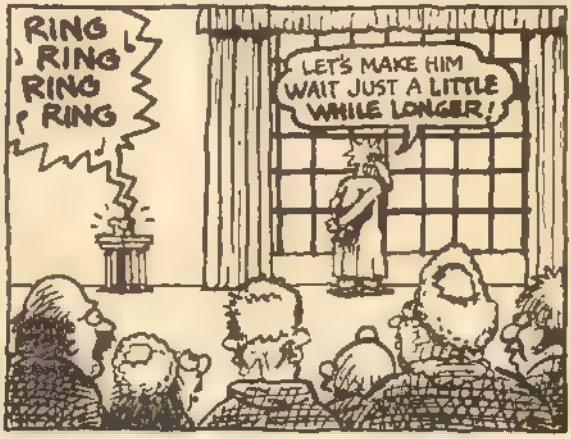

I'LL TEACH THAT GUY SOME MANNERS!

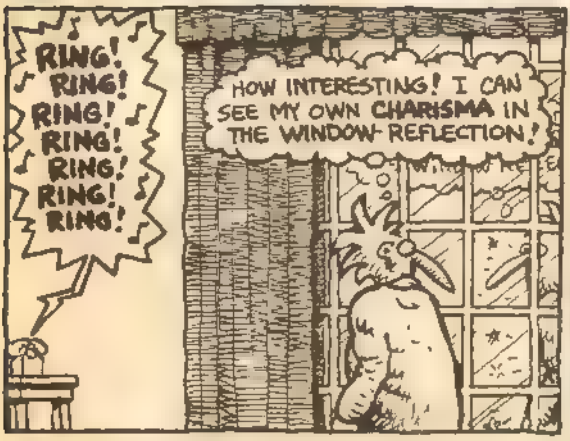


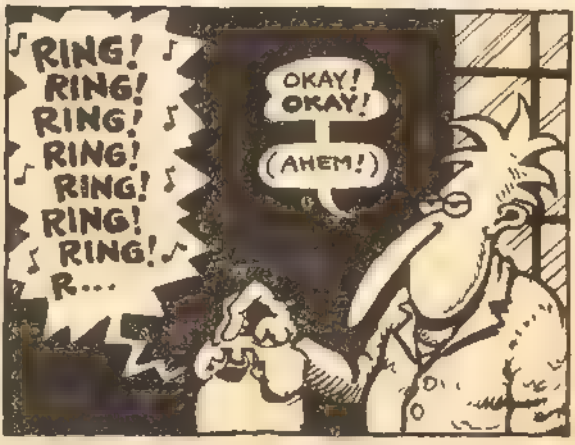

RING


RING RING

RING RING RING

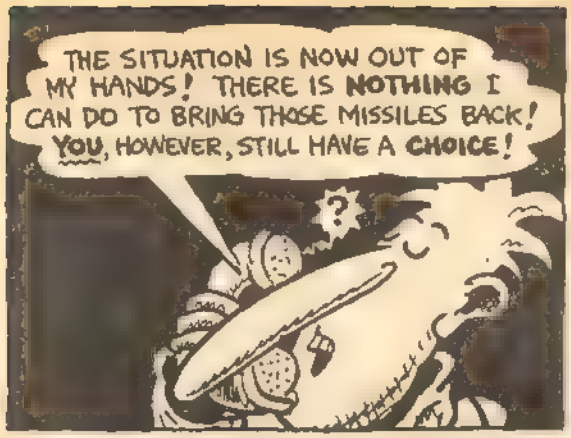

RING RING RING RING
LET'S MAKE HIM WAIT JUST A LITTLE WHILE LONGER!

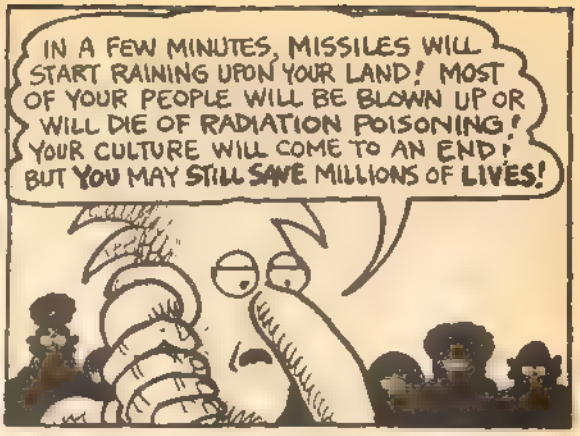

RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING!
HOW INTERESTING! I CAN SEE MY OWN CHARISMA IN THE WINDOW-REFLECTION!

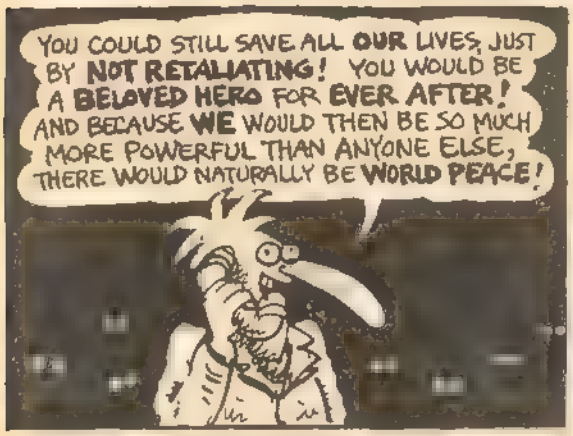

RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! R...
OKAY! OKAY!
(AHEM!)

YESSSSSSSSS?

HAVE YOU DONE WHAT WE THINK YOU'VE DONE? WE WILL BE FORCED TO RETALIATE IN KIND, YOU KNOW!
IT IS TRUE! I LAUNCHED EVERY ONE OF OUR MISSILES! THEY NOW ARE ON THEIR WAY TO YOU!

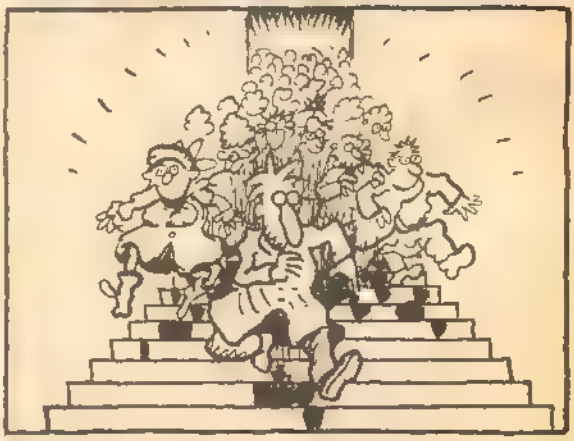

THE SITUATION IS NOW OUT OF MY HANDS! THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO TO BRING THOSE MISSILES BACK! YOU, HOWEVER, STILL HAVE A CHOICE!
?


IN A FEW MINUTES, MISSILES WILL START RAINING UPON YOUR LAND! MOST OF YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE BLOWN UP OR WILL DIE OF RADIATION POISONING! YOUR CULTURE WILL COME TO AN END! BUT YOU MAY STILL SAVE MILLIONS OF LIVES!

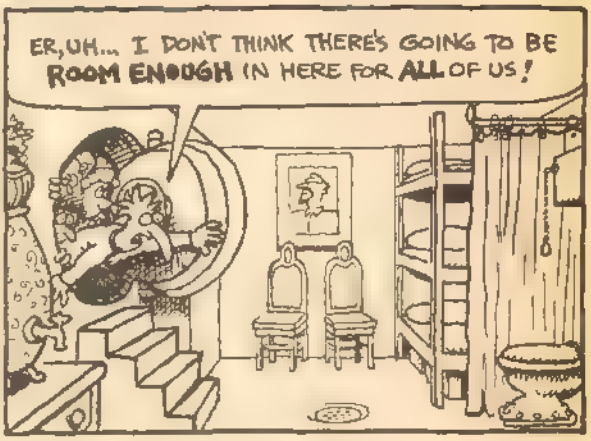

YOU COULD STILL SAVE ALL OUR LIVES, JUST BY NOT RETALIATING! YOU WOULD BE A BELOVED HERO FOR EVER AFTER! AND BECAUSE WE WOULD THEN BE SO MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN ANYONE ELSE, THERE WOULD NATURALLY BE WORLD PEACE!

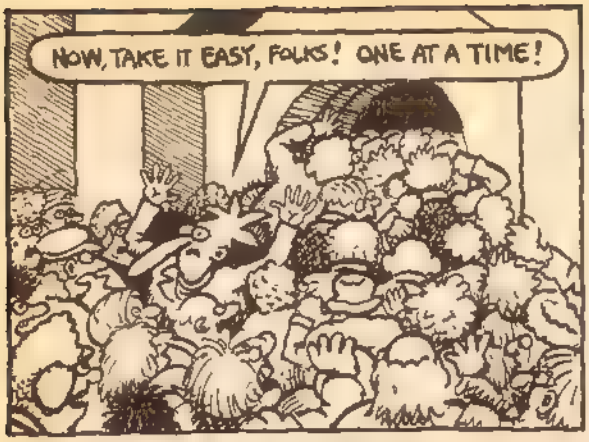
HE DIDN'T GO FOR IT! I THOUGHT HE WAS A NICER GUY THAN THAT! OH, WELL...

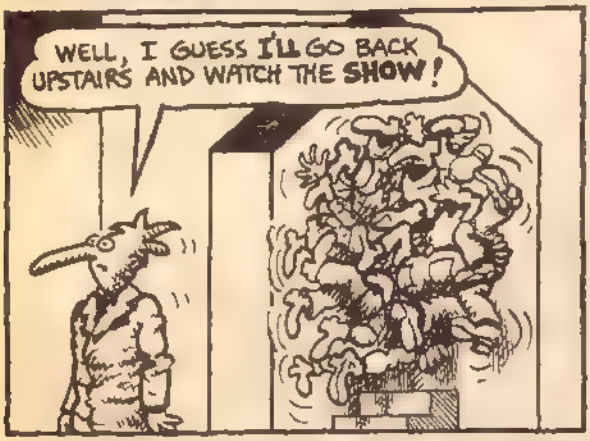
FOLLOW ME INTO THE FAMOUS BOMB SHELTERS OF THE KREMLIN!

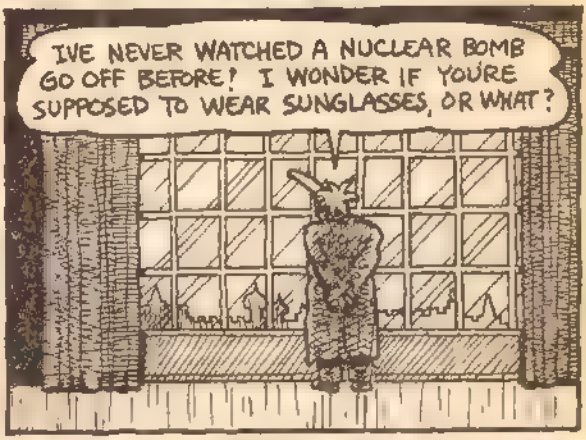


THIS MUST BE IT!


ER, UH... I DON'T THINK THERE'S GOING TO BE ROOM ENOUGH IN HERE FOR ALL OF US!

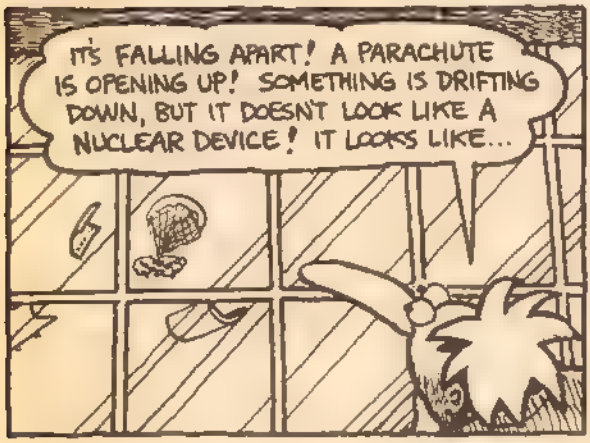

NOW, TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS! ONE AT A TIME!

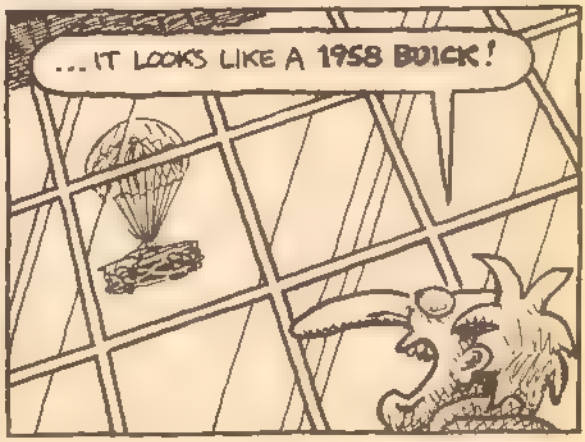

WELL, I GUESS I'LL GO BACK UPSTAIRS AND WATCH THE SHOW!

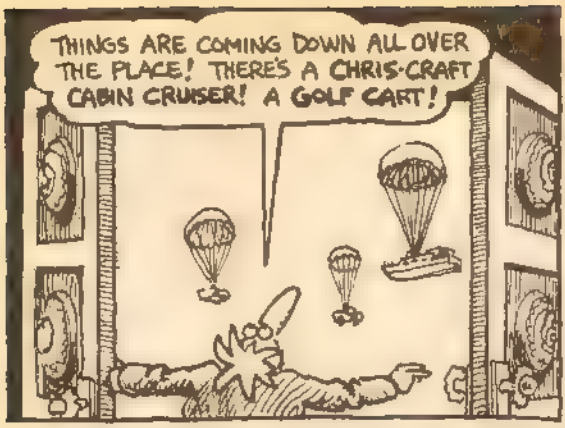

IVE NEVER WATCHED A NUCLEAR BOMB GO OFF BEFORE! I WONDER IF YOURE SUPPOSED TO WEAR SUNGLASSES, OR WHAT?

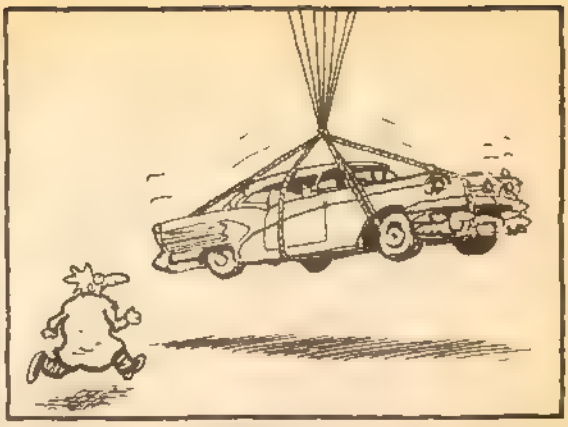
♪

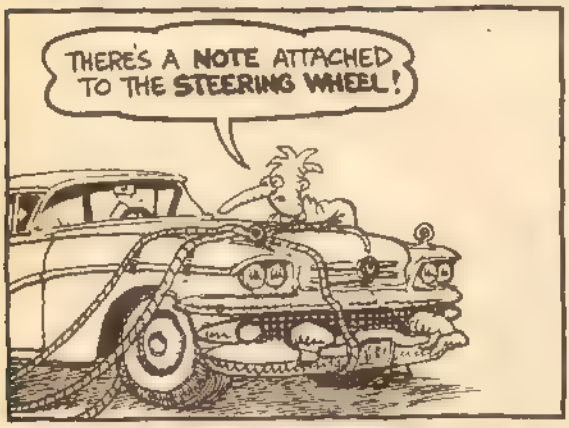
AH! HERE COMES SOMETHING NOW! IT APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF MISSILE!

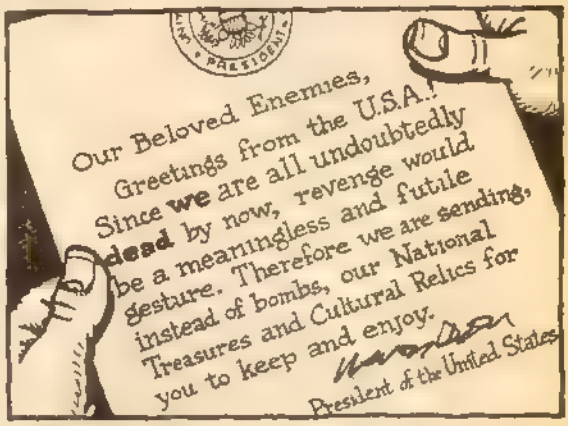

IT'S FALLING APART! A PARACHUTE IS OPENING UP! SOMETHING IS DRIFTING DOWN, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A NUCLEAR DEVICE! IT LOOKS LIKE...

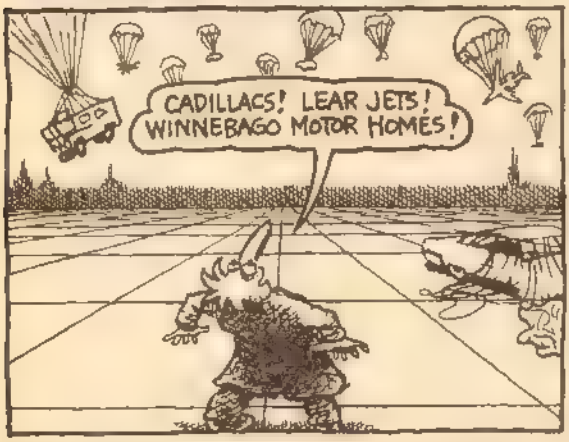

...IT LOOKS LIKE A 1958 BUICK!

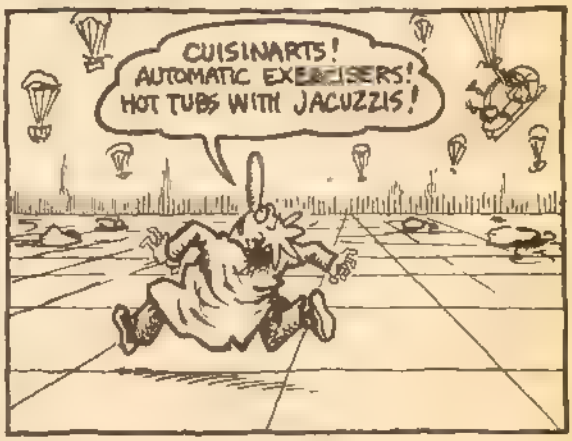

THINGS ARE COMING DOWN ALL OVER THE PLACE! THERE'S A CHRIS-CRAFT CABIN CRUISER! A GOLF CART!

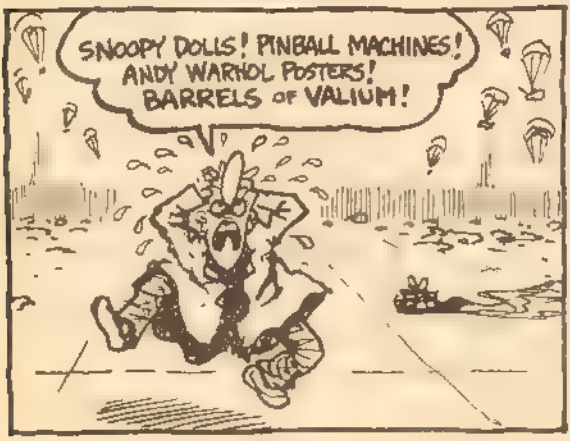


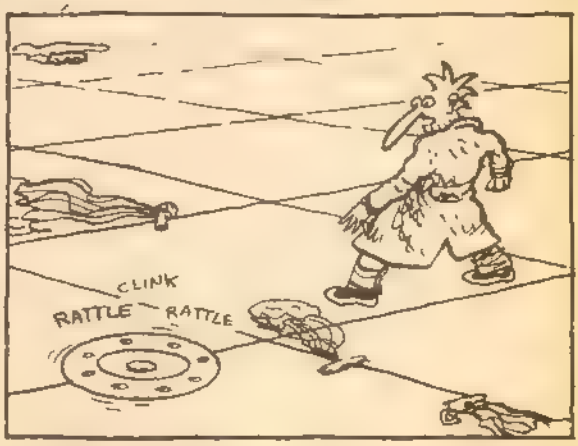

THERE'S A NOTE ATTACHED TO THE STEERING WHEEL!

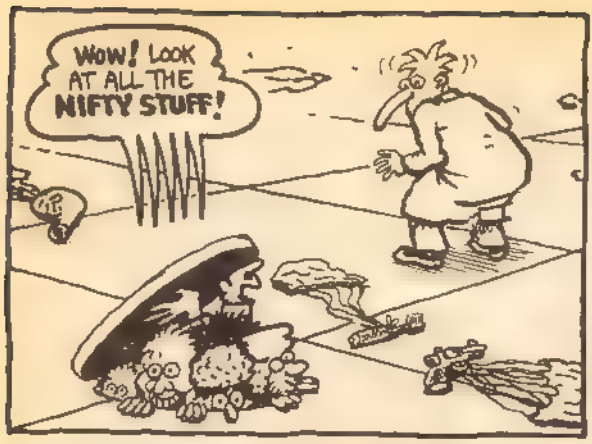

Our Beloved Enemies,
Greetings from the U.S.A.!
Since we are all undoubtedly dead by now, revenge would be a meaningless and futile gesture. Therefore we are sending, instead of bombs, our National Treasures and Cultural Relics for you to keep and enjoy.
President of the United States

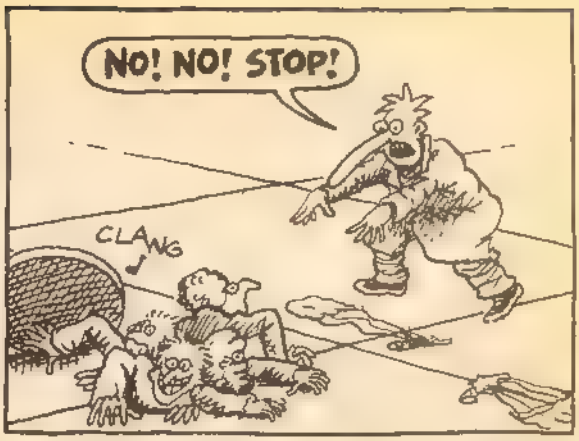

CADILLACS! LEAR JETS! WINNEBAGO MOTOR HOMES!

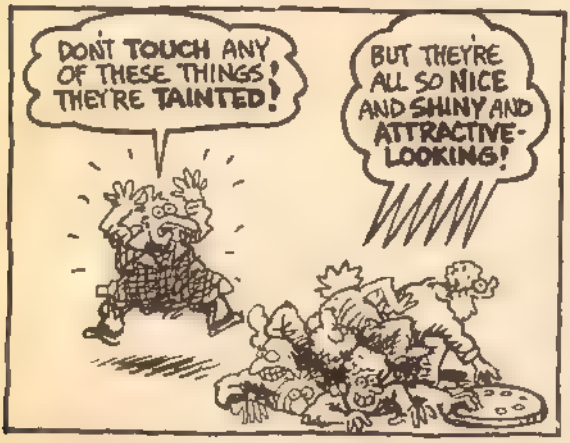

CUISINARTS! AUTOMATIC EXERCISERS! HOT TUBS WITH JACUZZIS!

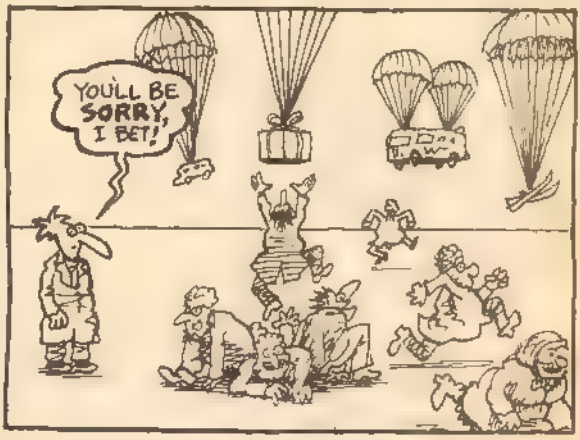

SNOOPY DOLLS! PINBALL MACHINES! ANDY WARHOL POSTERS! BARRELS OF VALIUM!

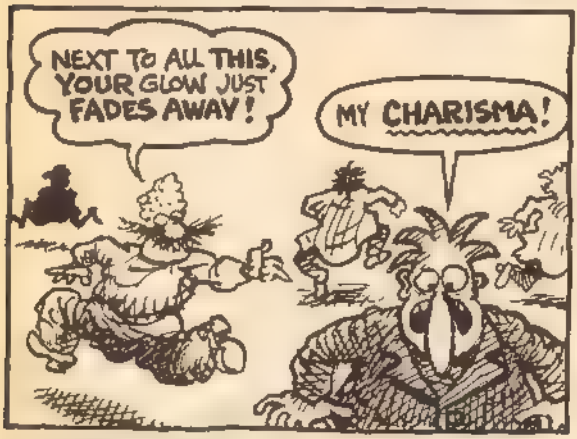

CLINK
RATTLE RATTLE

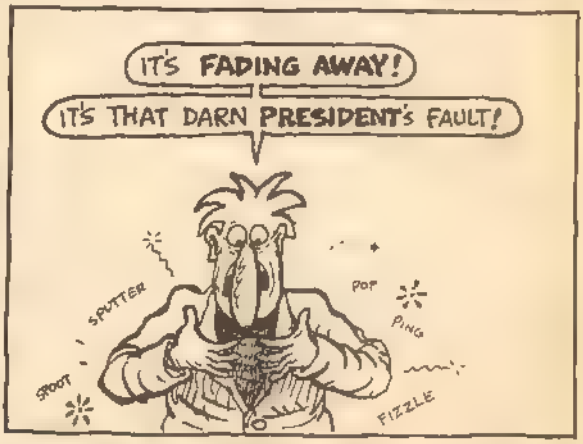

WOW! LOOK AT ALL THE NIFTY STUFF!


NO! NO! STOP!
CLANG


DON'T TOUCH ANY OF THESE THINGS! THEY'RE TAINTED!
BUT THEY'RE ALL SO NICE AND SHINY AND ATTRACTIVE-LOOKING!

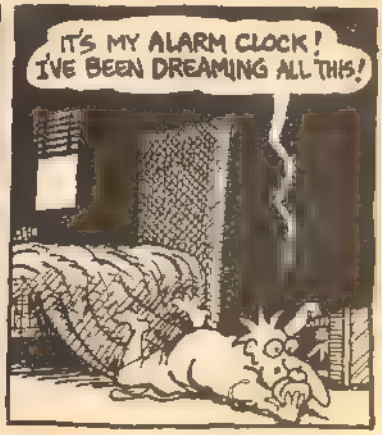

YOU'LL BE SORRY, I BET!


NEXT TO ALL THIS, YOUR GLOW JUST FADES AWAY!
MY CHARISMA!


IT'S FADING AWAY!
IT'S THAT DARN PRESIDENT'S FAULT!
SPUTTER
POP
PING
SPOOT
FIZZLE

THAT TREACHEROUS VILLAIN! HE'S STEALING MY CHARISMA!
HUNH? THAT PHONE IS RINGING!

HELLO? HELLO? HELLO?
WHAT'S HAPPENING? I PICK UP THE RECEIVER, BUT THE TELEPHONE KEEPS RINGING!

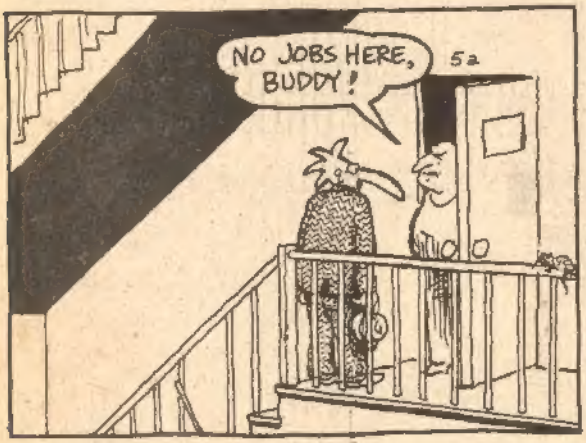

IT'S MY ALARM CLOCK! I'VE BEEN DREAMING ALL THIS!

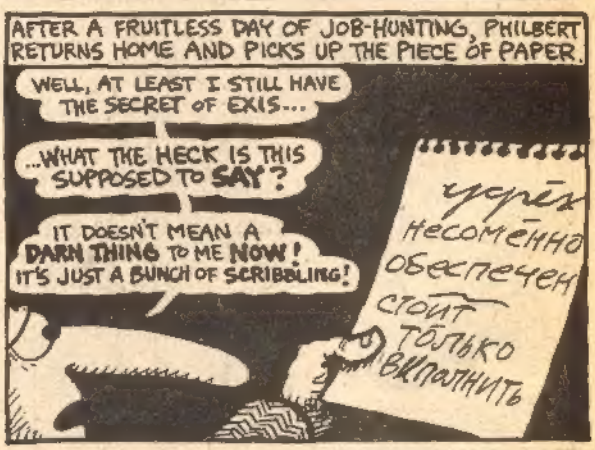
I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING NOW! MY DREAM EXPLAINED IT ALL TO ME!

QUICKLY! I MUST WRITE IT DOWN BEFORE I FORGET!

NOW I CAN GO OUT AND FACE THE WORLD WITH IMPUNITY, KNOWING I HAVE THE VERY SECRET OF EXISTENCE ACTUALLY WRITTEN DOWN IN WORDS!
TUG
FUMBLE

HOW ARE YOU TODAY, MR. DESANEX!
STILL NO WORK! SORRY!
TEMPORARY JOBS
EXIT

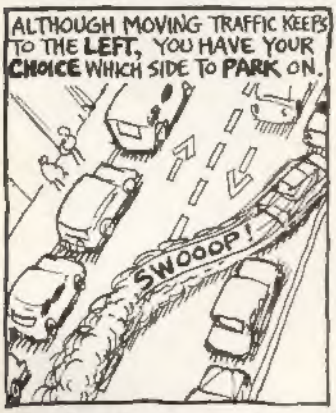

NO JOBS HERE, BUDDY!
5a

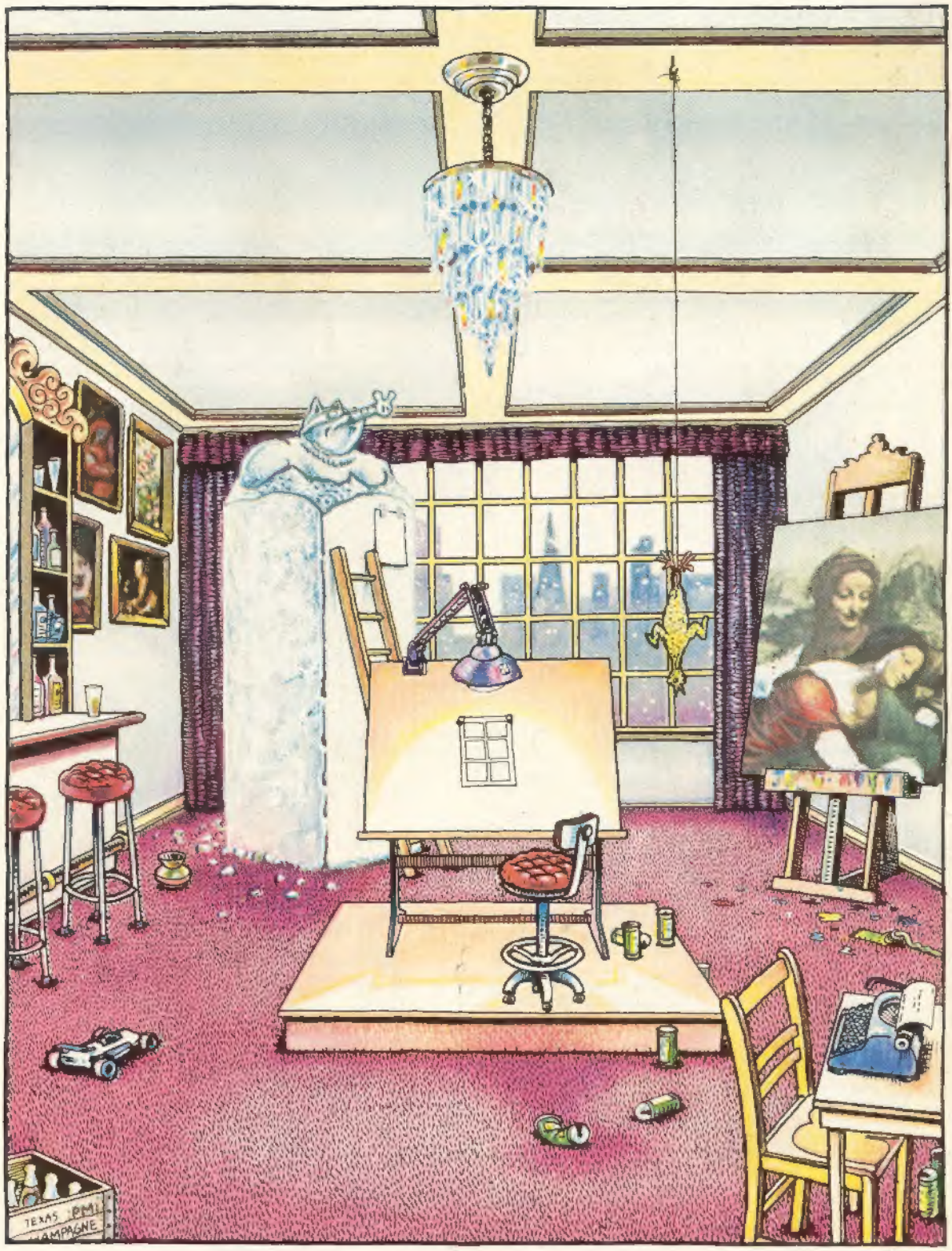

AFTER A FRUITLESS DAY OF JOB-HUNTING, PHILBERT RETURNS HOME AND PICKS UP THE PIECE OF PAPER.
WELL, AT LEAST I STILL HAVE THE SECRET OF EXIS...
...WHAT THE HECK IS THIS SUPPOSED TO SAY?
IT DOESN'T MEAN A DARN THING TO ME NOW! IT'S JUST A BUNCH OF SCRIBBLING!
успех несомненно обеспечен стоит только включить

THE END.

Gilbert Shelton's ADVANCED INTERNATIONAL Motoring TIPS

№ 275





GILBERT SHELTON'S STUDIO, the showpiece of Rip Off Press, Inc., can be seen just as the artist left it when he departed for an extended roller-skating tour of Europe in July of 1979. Works-in-progress include a ten-foot Wonder Wart-Hog in Venetian marble, an oil forgery of a famous painting worth two and a half million dollars, and a six hundred thousand word autobiography.

Gilbert isn't expected back in San Francisco until July, 1987, but he is sending new work in every week by carrier pigeon. So for a catalog of the latest of Shelton's and all your other favorite Rip Off Press artists' publications, send your name and address and 50¢ to:

Rip Off Press, Inc.
P.O. Box 14158
San Francisco, CA 94114

Sir Real's

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3 - The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers In "The Death Of Fat Freddy"
9 - Philbert Desanex' 100,000th Dream
51 - Gilbert Shelton's Advanced International Motoring Tips No. 275
52 - Gilbert Shelton's Studio

Artists:

Gilbert Shelton - 1+, 2, 3-8+, 9-52
Paul Mavrides - 1+, 3-8+

Comments:

n/a